PRIVATE EYE

No. 821
Friday
4 June '93

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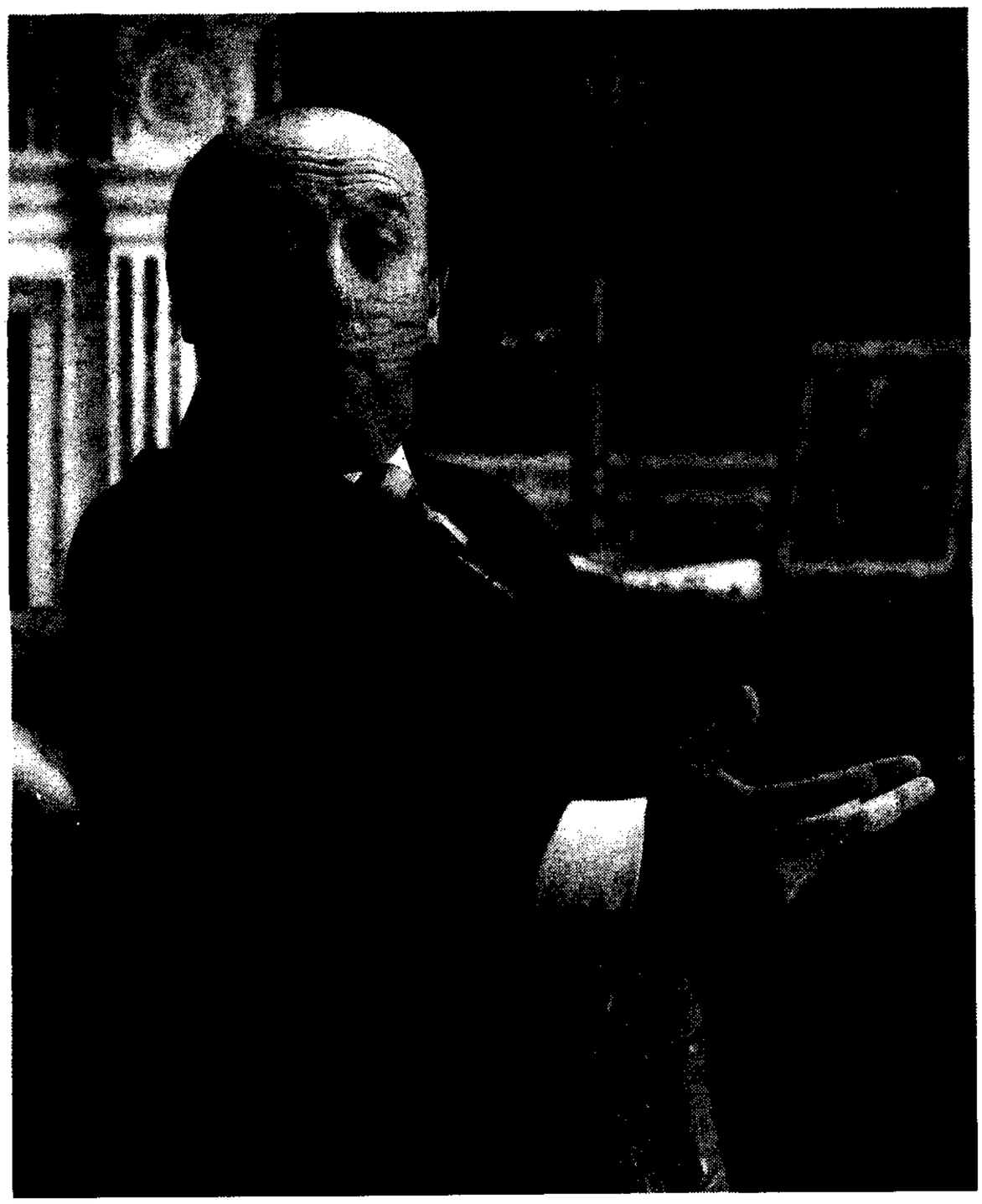

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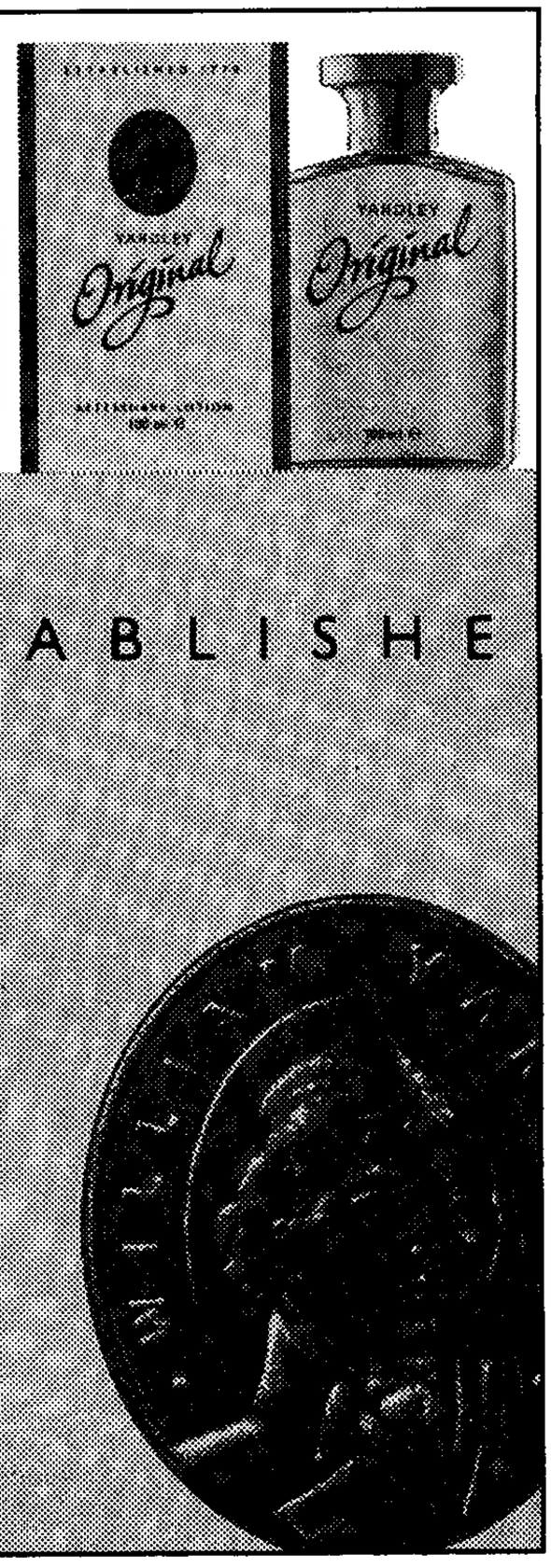

Gnome

SOMETIMES one despairs of this country. Who would have imagined that such a fuss could be made over anything so unimportant as my gift to Mr Shifti Nagood of the Fruit-to-Fraud conglomerate Jolly Bent?

The idea that members of the government should somehow refrain from giving wristwatches to foreign businessmen awaiting trial for massive theft is ludicrous.

And the suggestion that it was unwise of me to inscribe the watch "Don't worry, we'll get you off" is positively offensive.

I was merely making a light-hearted gesture to a man whom I had never met except in my own home and who, to my astonishment, jumped bail and scarpered with all his shareholders' money.

The fact that I wrote last year to the Prime Minister asking him to "Get the Serious Fraud Office off our friend Shifti's back" has been widely misinterpreted. I was only acting on behalf of one of my constituents who had once eaten an excellent grapefruit purchased from a company owned by Mr Nagood and because of this wished to help him in some way.

The smear campaign of innuendo that these innocent actions have unleashed is enough to make a decent man give up politics. I, however, will not be forced into resigning.

E. Strobes
pp. Lord "Matey" Gnome
(Minister for Overseas Fugitives)
The Nadir
Peckham
Berks

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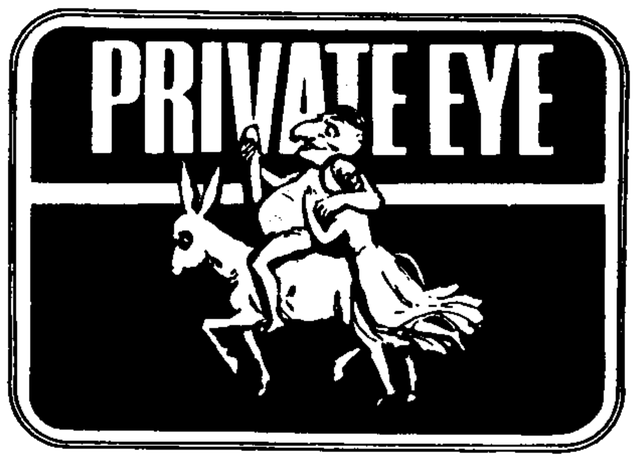


COLOUR SECTION

WHILE the government is plainly embarrassed by its choice of Lord Justice Scott to head the inquiry into Britain's embargo-breaking sales of arms to Iraq, there are disturbing signs that Scott and his investigating team may be stopping the most embarrassing questions being aired in public.

Consider, for instance, the public evidence of Sir Hal Miller, the Tory grandee who has emerged in the unlikely role of chief government tormentor.

Early in his evidence, Sir Hal disclosed that on 19 and 23 April, 1990, just a few days after the seizing by customs of the last few parts of a supergun made in Britain for export to Saddam Hussein, he had written two letters of protest to Margaret Thatcher, then prime minister. It was clear at the inquiry that Sir Hal was prepared to read out these letters and the replies. But the inquiry moved on swiftly before he could do so.

The same thing happened when Sir Hal threatened to reveal the detail of his meeting on 24 April 1990 with Sir Robin Butler, head of the cabinet office. He had written the letters and met Sir Robin, said Sir Hal, because it "was obvious to me that the prime minister was inadequately briefed for questions I was asking".

Sir Hal also revealed that the *Sunday Times* had approached him in December 1990 and shown him confidential documents which linked the failed prosecution of Miller's friend's firm, Walter Somers (which made barrels for the supergun) and the still smouldering prosecution against a Midlands firm called Matrix Churchill. Miller was worried about these documents and had, he said, written to Sir Nicholas Lyell, then solicitor-general, about them.

"I've got all the correspondence and the documents here," he said, threatening to refer to them. "We'll come to that later," snapped the inquiry's leading counsel, Presiley Baxendale QC. The documents were put down and were never again taken up. The inquiry never did "come to that later". Indeed, it seemed to seasoned observers that just as Sir Hal was getting into his stride, especially in his line by line criticism of the evidence of senior officials at the DTI and MoD, the proceedings were sharply brought to a close. Sir Hal, of course, was not represented, and the pace of the inquiry, the questions asked and so forth, is left entirely to Lord Justice Scott.

Nevertheless, Sir Hal was there long enough to cause the government severe embarrassment. He had already reported how he had intervened with government on behalf of his friends at Walter Somers. They had told them that the enormous barrels they were manufacturing in their Halesowen factory were obviously for guns. Were they legal? If they were not, Somers assured Miller, they would stop making them. But if it was OK to send guns to Saddam they would, in Miller's words, be "glad of the bread".

In detail, Miller described how he had on three separate occasions, in 1988, 1989 and 1990, asked three different agencies of government — the ministry of defence, the department of trade and the intelligence services — whether it was all right to sell the guns to Iraq. Each had replied yes it was, and indicated that they knew all about the supergun anyway.

Every single detail of Miller's evidence checks out against evidence previously made public. For instance, the Commons select committee which reported just before last year's election had been puzzled as to how Walter Somers had got hold of the very secret telephone number of one of the most secret men at the MoD, chief spook Bill Weir. Miller provided the answer. He'd been given the number by an intelligence man at the ministry and asked to pass it on — and he had done so.

This consistent (and often documentary) proof for everything Sir Hal says provides the background to the row about the role of Sir Patrick Mayhew, the former attorney-general who is now Northern Ireland secretary.

At the select committee last year, Mayhew said he'd been "asked" by customs officers whether they should proceed with charges against Walter Somers managing director Peter Mitchell, and Bristol engineer and middle-man for the supergun, Chris Cowley. After the supergun parts were seized, they had been arrested and clapped in prison on charges of breaking the embargo.

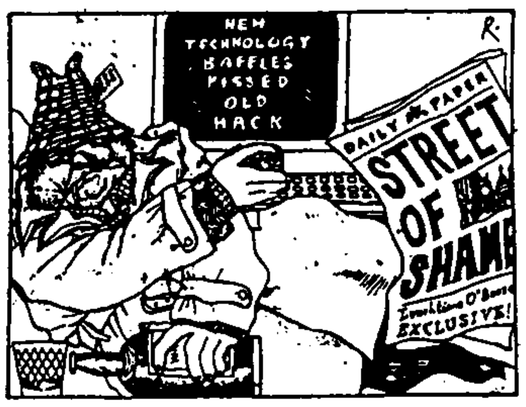
Now Mayhew discloses that he had two meetings with top customs officials on 8 and 9 November 1990. Customs was raring to prosecute. It had pretty powerful evidence against Mitchell and Cowley — parts of the biggest guns ever made in the history of the world — but it was not impressed by the opinion of the senior treasury counsel, a faithful old Etonian called Julian Bevan, who concluded that though there might be a case against Cowley there was a less than 50/50 chance of convicting Mitchell.

What happened at those meetings? The *Eye*'s information is that the customs men were furious with and contemptuous of Bevan's opinion. When attorney-general Mayhew said it would "not be proper" for them to proceed with the prosecution, they were dumbfounded. Indeed, at the first meeting they refused to accept the advice and were ordered to attend the next day. In the end, they sulkily accepted their orders, and the prosecution was dropped. What customs felt was summed up by a widely-distributed Christmas card depicting a body representing HM Customs & Excise stabbed in the back by a dagger marked HM Government.

Had Mayhew's stopping of the prosecution anything to do with the conversation he'd had a few months earlier in the lobby of the House of Commons with Sir Hal Miller? Miller remembers being warned off giving evidence in any prosecution that might follow. Mayhew says that as a gentleman and a barrister he could not possibly have given such advice.

Perhaps Lord Justice Scott should pursue this curious argument between two Tory knights to some sort of conclusion.

"It tells me the time I'm not doing"



CHARLIE "Gorbals" Wilson, managing director of Mirror Group Newspapers, has composed a tough new letter to send to the ever-growing army of readers who complain about the paper's decline.

"Some of the journalists who were unable to adjust to the working culture necessary to allow us to survive Maxwell's pillage have gone," he writes, forgetting to point out that a prominent director of Maxwell's company during the pillage was one C. Wilson.

"But in the main," he continues, "the *Daily Mirror* is being produced day by day by the same team of journalists directed by the same group of editorial executives as produced the newspaper before Maxwell's death." Excepting, of course, the editor, the assistant editor (features), the editorial manager and his deputy, the assistant night editor, the chief features sub and his deputy, the picture editor, the women's editor, the political editor, the industrial editor, the leader writer, two star columnists and about 40 other hacks.

Meanwhile, Mirror Group chief executive David "Rommel" Montgomery recently reassured a meeting of jittery shareholders that the gap between the circulation of the *Mirror* (and its sister paper, the *Daily Record*) and the *Sun* was narrowing. Imagine the shareholders' surprise when, only a few hours after the meeting, the official circulation figures for April were published. The gap between the *Sun* and the *Mirror/Record* was more than 90,000 — the highest lead for the *Sun* ever recorded.

HACKS AT the *Daily Mirror* who wonder how much lower their rag can sink had their answer last week when the paper's executives got terrifically excited by the news that the Australian cricket team was paying a visit to Planet Hollywood, the ludicrously-hyped hamburger joint in Piccadilly.

Why, the *Mirror* men thought, don't we send an attractive hackette down there at the same time and get her to entrap one of the Aussies — preferably a married one. The idea was that, once the unlucky cricketer had been lured back to a hotel room and was stripped off ready for leg-over, the hackette would whip out her Canon Sure-Shot and take a compromising photograph.

The reporter chosen for this seedy assignment was Fran Bowden, a young freelance working in the features department. Fearing that her future at the *Mirror* would be brief if she refused the commission, the wretched lass duly went to Planet Hollywood, but, sensibly enough, made no serious attempt to chat up any of the Australians. This was just as well: the cricketers had been tipped off about the *Mirror*'s stunt, and many had taken the precaution of bringing their wives with them.

The few remaining *Mirror* hacks with any vestige of conscience are outraged by this descent to the methods of the *News of the Screws*. But la Bowden herself is remaining tightlipped. "I think I'd better not say anything," she told the *Eye* this week.

RUPERT MURDOCH is well known for his contempt for "journos". Even so, foreign correspondents at *The Times* have been mildly surprised — and angry — to discover that he would prefer to see them risk their lives than spend a few quid on protecting them when they go into war zones.

At the moment the paper has two correspondents in the former Yugoslavia, Adam Lebor and Michael Evans. But it has only one flak jacket and helmet. So Lebor asked Wapping for authorisation to buy a second set. The *Thunderer's* cretinous managing editor, Peter Roberts — formerly Andrew Neill's hatchet man at the *Sunset Times* — replied that he thought one flak jacket quite adequate for two people.

Roberts also refused permission for the paper's team in Bosnia to buy or rent a share in an armoured vehicle — something which all other hacks there regard as essential, given the number of mines hidden on the roads. (When *Times* hack Richard Beeston went to Bosnia last month he had to cadge a lift in an armoured car belonging to the *Daily Telegraph*.)

Lebor has now gone on strike, sitting in Belgrade and refusing to return to Bosnia until the Digger allows him a flak-jacket of his own. Peter Roberts is accusing him of "moral blackmail", an odd way to describe the desire not to be killed unnecessarily.

Roberts's main argument against the extra expense is that the newspaper is already over budget. This is indeed true. But who is the man in charge of managing the editorial budget? Step forward Peter Roberts.

MIKE PARRY, the *Daily Express*'s assistant editor in the United States, has been hired by the *Sun*. He ought to feel at home among the snarling, malodorous denizens of Wapping for he was voted Most Unpopular Journalist on a freebie trip to Moscow 18 months ago organised by the Macdonalds hamburger company.

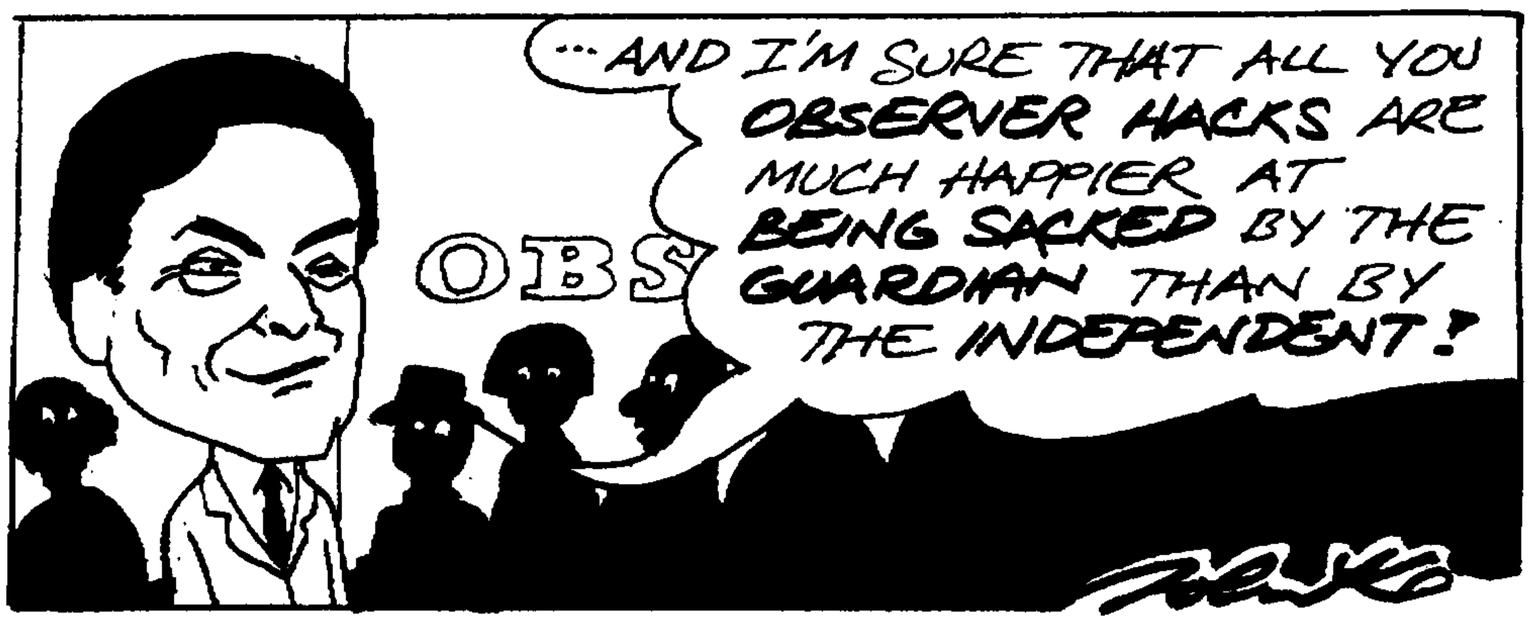
During the trip, Parry almost came to blows with the *Sun*'s gorblimey columnist Richard Littlejohn, who will no doubt be looking forward to resuming his acquaintance with the loathsome hack.

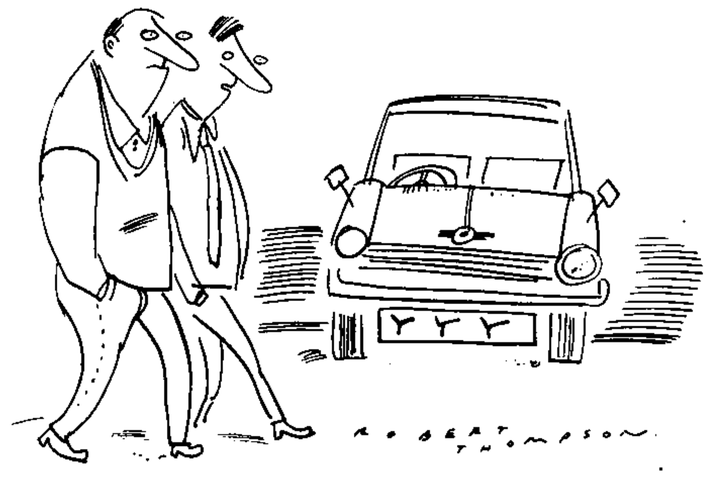
While in Moscow, Parry filed an "exclusive" to the *Express* in London claiming that entrepreneurial Muscovites were using hamburgers as hard currency — buying as many as they could and reselling them at a profit. This yarn was, of course, untrue, and the *Express* very sensibly spiked it.

Meanwhile the other hacks in the press party, on learning of Parry's attempt to steal a march on them, plotted their revenge. On their final day in Moscow they informed Parry that the *Daily Mail* had bought up the wives of the two Russian cosmonauts trapped in space and that he would have caviar on his face when he returned to London. The gullible Parry raced to a telephone, missing his farewell lunch, and spent hours trying to contact the *Express*'s foreign desk to inform them of this great event.

THE *Daily Express* TV critic Richard Compton Miller wrote an enthusiastic review of Tom Bower's recent documentary about Tiny Rowland for BBC1's *Inside Story*.

Unfortunately it never saw the light of the day. Somebody at the *Express* thought the review might offend the paper's proprietor, Lord Stevens. Surely Lord Stevens, one of Cap'n Bob's chums, can't have a soft spot for Tiny Rowland as well?





"Blimey, Delilah's got herself a personalised number plate"

WHILE Sir Nicholas and Lady Lloyd, editors of the *Daily* and *Sunday Expresses*, have been reassuring their employer, Lord Stevens, that they have not been plotting with outsiders to mount a bid for the United Newspapers group, *Sunday Express* deputy editor Charles Golding has been frantically distancing himself from La Bollard.

He tells whoever will listen that Eve only spends nine hours a week in the office and adds: "I'm running the show, now." Few believe this to be the case. Bollard is always at the other end of a fax or a mobile phone, issuing precise instructions to her jumped-up, bow-tied sidekick.

Hacks at the *Sunday Express* have decided to give him a new nickname. Instead of Charles "Experienced" Golding, he shall henceforth be known as Charles "I'm in charge" Golding.

IN THE *UK Press Gazette*'s recent press awards, the accolade of reporting team of the year went to the *Financial Times*'s Maxwell investigation team headed by Bronwen Maddox.

The team was responsible for a series of "investigative" features published long after Cap'n Bob's death in which Bronwen Maddox went to considerable lengths to play down the role of Lord (Bernard) Donoughue (see *Eyes passim*). He was the man who had once appointed her as a media analyst at Kleinwort Benson and who helped her get the job at the *FT* as well.

ON THE RAILWAYS

THE RISK of a nuclear disaster on Britain's rail network is set to rise dramatically as the government slashes its grant to Regional Railways still further.

In a desperate attempt to keep its books balanced, Regional Railways has drawn up a list (see *Eyes passim*) of lines that will receive no maintenance except in emergency — that is, until *after* something has broken. The passenger train accidents this could cause would be horrifying enough, but several of the no-maintenance routes are regularly used to ferry flasks of nuclear waste.

The Ipswich to Lowestoft and Thurso to Inverness lines are both nuclear-waste lines that are now in the Regional Railways' out tray. So is the Blaenau Ffestiniog to Llandudno branch line, which will resume carrying nuclear waste if Trawsfynydd power station reopens. Most worrying of all, however, is that the line from Carlisle to Barrow-in-Furness is also to be maintenance-free. This line not only carries a vast amount of dangerous material to and from the Sellafield reprocessing plant, but is also highly prone to damage.

IN THE COURTS

THE LAW SOCIETY is nervously awaiting a unique court case which comes before the high court next week.

It is being sued by Peggy Wood, who claims that the society failed to investigate her complaints properly against a firm of solicitors. She lost her house and land because of the case, and now lives in a bedsit on income support.

The Law Society has good cause to be worried. Wood, a 77-year-old litigant in person, has startling revelations which will cause great embarrassment to the body that is supposed to be the legal profession's watchdog.

AFTER an expensive surrender to Tory Railcard rebels (whose success will deter applicants for new rail franchises), John "Brunel" MacGregor, a man seriously uninterested in railways and rail users, remains impaled on the Railtrack hook.

As the few genuine franchise seekers have told the transport secretary, they will not proceed unless they can control their own track and signalling. So it is up to the House of Lords to pass the necessary amendment to extinguish Railtrack. The only problem then is what to do with its chairman, Sir-to-be Robert "Gillette" Horton. Extinguishing him will be costly, and might even involve a peerage.

Another amendment the Lords will consider is the one Brunel rejected last week: giving BR the same rights to bid for franchises as private operators (like Sherwood and Branson) and foreign nationalised industries (like French railways). The great danger here is that BR would win most of the bids and save the treasury a lot of money. This is not the point of the exercise.

Had it not been devised by the overrated Michael Portillo, with the help of Adam Smith Institute luminary Kenneth Irving, a former BR clerk who describes himself as a manager, the whole crazy franchising idea would have been dumped long ago. While Portillo's zeal remains undimmed, his officials despair: they have become more disenchanted than ever now that the government's clumsy attempt to do a Maxwell with the £8 billion BR pension scheme's surplus has been foiled.

The latest blow was the consultants' report quantifying how much extra the mad new system would cost the taxpayer (£500 million a year). Rather than drop it and abandon his own child, Portillo is prepared to cut child benefit for other people.

THE appointment of John Gummer as environment secretary is very bad news, particularly for the environment.

In his first radio interview in the job, Gummer achieved an impressive double whammy. He revealed that he doesn't understand basic environmental science (by confusing government policies on protecting the ozone layer with those for reducing global warming), and he caused a row by talking about VAT on pensioners' energy bills, the compensation for which has yet to be finalised.

More worrying for the long-term future of planet Earth and the solar system, however, is the former agriculture minister's nuclear fanaticism.

The new Sizewell B pressurised water reactor is in his Suffolk constituency, and his evidence to the Sizewell inquiry supporting its construction was based on the argument that it provided the cheapest way to make electricity. Even though that argument has now been exploded and abandoned even by the nuclear industry, Gummer still never misses a chance to visit a nuclear power station and tell its managers how much he admires what they are doing.

Unfortunately, his first job will be to decide whether or not to give the go-ahead to THORP, the £2.8 billion thermal oxide reprocessing plant at Sellafield. The project has been formally opposed even by the chairman of the government's radioactive waste management committee, and under Gummer's predecessor, Michael Howard, there was every likelihood a new inquiry might have been set up. That was because Howard still has political ambitions; but Gummer has peaked and has nothing to lose from making a highly unpopular and totally mad decision.

He was the hero of *Nuclear Times*, the paper produced by Nuclear Electric, when he visited the Sizewell A Magnox station in February and told staff: "I don't believe that the threat to nuclear power stations is as acute as some people here think. The energy review [now being conducted by Michael Heseltine's Department of Trade and Industry] cannot change the facts about the low costs of electricity produced by nuclear power stations".

This of course was a flat contradiction of government policy, which had removed nuclear from the privatisation package because it was too expensive.

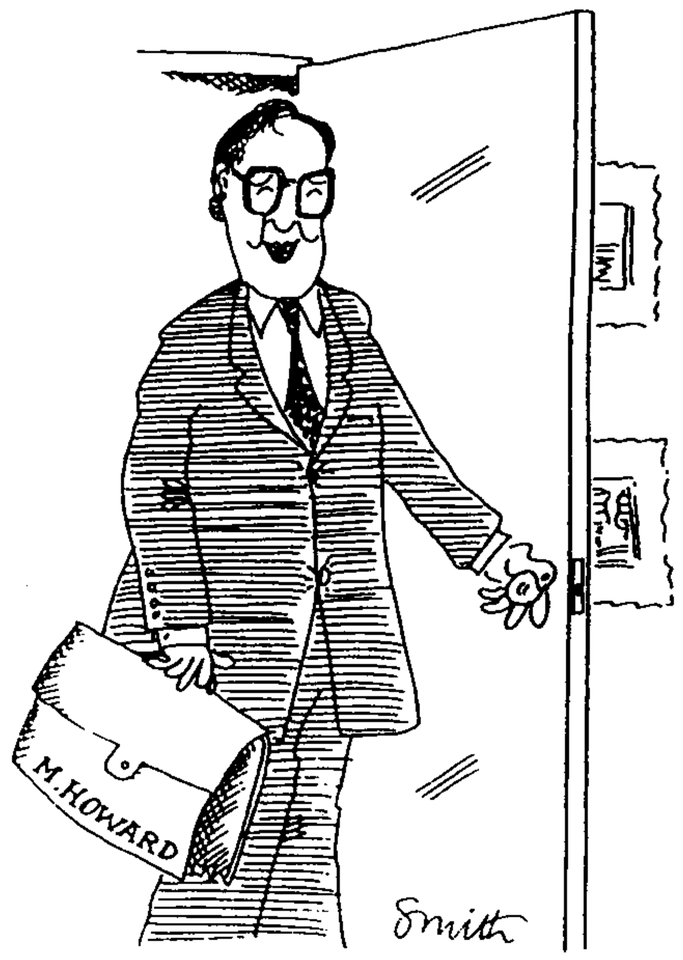
Gummer said Arthur Scargill was using "the economics of the madhouse" and that stopping nuclear production would not save any coal mines. He claimed government ministers were "aware of the sensible maths put forward by Nuclear Electric" — which, incidentally, gets an annual subsidy of £1.3 billion. If Scargill inhabits a madhouse, someone had better prepare a padded greenhouse for nice Mr Gummer.

THERE WAS bafflement in Labour circles when Kate Hoey voted against the government over Maastricht, the only Labour frontbencher to defy her whips' instruction to abstain. She was promptly sacked as citizens' charter spokesperson.

What puzzled colleagues was that Hoey has been the most obedient conformist ever since Neil Kinnock and Roy Hattersley parachuted her into Vauxhall where the local party had chosen someone they disapproved of. So what has come over her?

It is very likely that in the forthcoming boundary revisions the number of parliamentary seats in the Lambeth-Southwark area will be cut. Kate, having been wished on the Vauxhall voters, would be a strong candidate for the push. In anticipation, she has sold her south London home, only 10 minutes from the constituency, and moved — to the annoyance of some of her constituents — to distant Wapping on the other side of the Thames.

Her home falls within the constituency of Bethnal Green and Stepney, which is represented by the veteran Peter Shore, aged 69 and likely to stand down at the next election. Kate would probably not mind succeeding him, and has made her presence known to the local party. But whoever wants Shore's seat needs immaculate anti-EC credentials to win his approval. Kate has now achieved eminence by becoming an anti-EC martyr — purely out of conviction, of course.



"Hi, honey, I'm Home Secretary!"

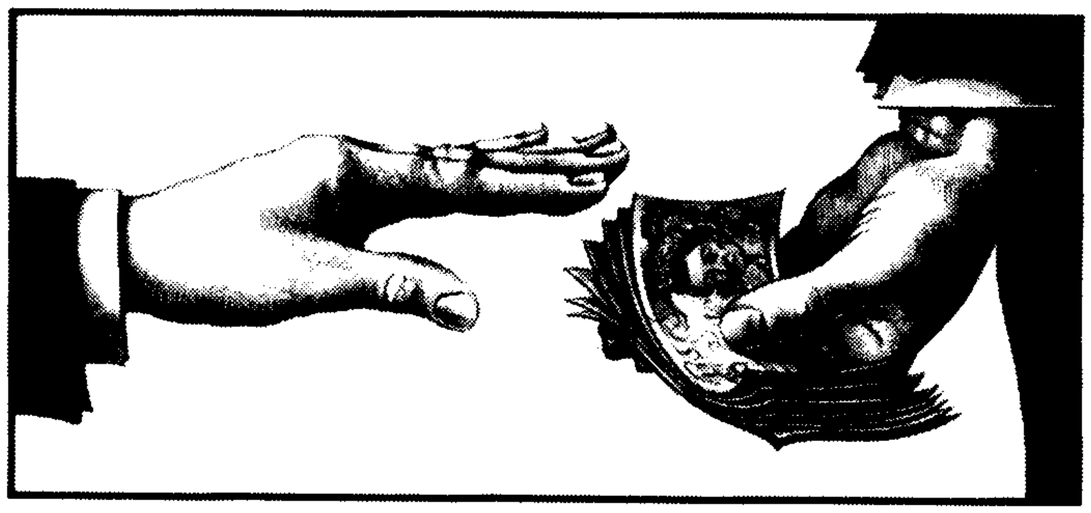
THE BAR will be delighted by the appointment of Michael Howard QC to replace Kenneth Clarke QC as home secretary.

Howard's career as a barrister owed a lot to the patronage of government. He was a special favourite at the department of transport, which hired him three times at enormous public expense to defend the department's plans to drive a huge motorway through Highgate and other residential areas in north London.

Happily for the citizens there, Howard lost all three times. It wasn't all doom and gloom for him, however, as he was able to pocket his fees on each occasion.

'Backbiter'

MPs FOR HIRE



WITH unemployment unacceptably high, spare a thought for those who have to juggle two jobs or more. Part six of our series looks at overworked types in the parliamentary Labour party.

There is a common misconception that Labour MPs sponsored by trade unions are MPs for Hire. This is not strictly true; for while there is a danger that they could be accused — perish the thought — of being in the pocket of a powerful vested interest, such MPs do not receive payments or fees. Usually £600 is donated to their constituency party for election expenses.

Of course there *are* Labour MPs directly in the pay of companies and organisations, and they include:

Stuart Bell *Middlesbrough*: Adviser to Merck, Sharp and Dohme.

Roland Boyes *Houghton and Washington*: Adviser to the Retail Motor Industry.

Jeremy Bray *Motherwell South*: Consultant to Society of Telecom Executives.

Ann Clwyd *Cynon Valley*: Adviser to Society of Telecom Executives.

John Cunningham *Copeland*: Adviser to Albright and Wilson (UK) Ltd. Adviser to Leather Chemicals. Adviser to Centurion Press Ltd.

Mark Fisher *Stoke-on-Trent*: Consultant to the National Union of Teachers.

John Gilbert *Dudley East*: Director of John Gilbert and Associates. Director of Edmund Nuttall Ltd. Director of Kyle Stewart Ltd. Adviser to Jardine Insurance Brokers International Ltd.

Llin Golding *Newcastle-under-Lyme*: Adviser to National Market Traders Association.

Kate Hoey *Vauxhall*: Member of Advisory Board of London Weekend Television.

Norman Hogg *Cumbernauld and Kilsyth*: Director of Kelvin Central Buses Ltd. Consultant to National and Local Government Officers Association. Adviser to the Bus and Coach Council.

Greville Janner *Leicester West*: Director of Ladbroke plc.
Director and shareholder of JSB Group.

Barry Jones *Alyn and Deeside*: Consultant to National Union of Teachers.

Marjorie Mowlam *Redcar*: Consultant to Banking, Insurance and Finance Union.

Paul Murphy *Torfaen*: Consultant to National Association of Teachers in Further and Higher Education.

Gordon Oakes *Halton*: Consultant to 3M United Kingdom Ltd.

Nick Raynsford *Greenwich*: Director of Raynsford, Dallison Associates Ltd.

George Robertson *Hamilton*: Adviser to Halton-Gill Associates.

Geoffrey Robinson *Coventry North West*: Director of Agie UK Ltd. Director and shareholder of Transfer Technology Group plc.

Peter Snape *West Bromwich East*: Director of West Midlands Travel plc.

Jack Straw *Blackburn*: Adviser to the Association of University Teachers.

Alan Williams *Swansea West*: Adviser to the Institute of Plant Engineers.

Grovel

REFLECTING on John Major's classless society, I conclude there is still one law for the poor and another for the young, rich, dim relations of the Queen.

How else to explain the treatment meted out to businsessman Keith Norris and Viscount Linley, son of fag-loving Princess Margaret?

In a moment of drunken stupidity, Norris, who was sitting in a friend's car on a Sealink ferry, announced that there was a bomb in the boot. Even though the driver confirmed no bomb existed and Norris apologised, Sealink staff had to follow procedures and call the police.

Stranraer sheriff court heard Norris was very sorry, had never been in trouble, and that prison would be catastrophic for his business and family life. So the court generously jailed him for three months.

But what of Lord Linley, the King's Road carpenter who, arriving at Heathrow's terminal one, thought he would josh the prole doing body searches by claiming to have a gun and grenade in his bag? Linley was given a severe dressing down and a complaint was made to Aunty Brenda. But was he arrested, charged and jailed? Er, *noblesse oblige*.

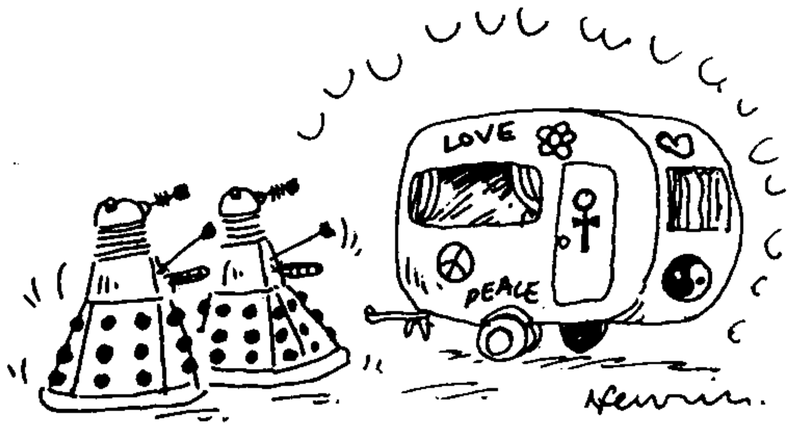
The episose will have been a huge shock to Linley's biggest supporter, John Junor. For as his loutish behaviour was being chronicled on page three of the *Mail on Sunday*, **so Junor was praising the boy to the hilt on page 23. Sounding dangerously like his own young clone, Peter McLie, Junor wrote: "Among junior members of the royal family, there is no one who commands greater public respect than Viscount Linley."**

DUNCAN "Dunky" Campbell, the crazed litigant and chairman of the *New Statesman* board, has found himself on the receiving end of a solicitor's letter threatening a libel writ.

After a series of successful libel actions in which he represented himself in court against the BBC and the *Pink Paper*, Campbell has been taken to task for an article he wrote recently for the *Glasgow Herald*.

Dunky accused Alan Hutchison, chief reporter of the *Scotsman* (and Scotland's Reporter of the Year for the third successive year) of writing a series of articles last year based on the testimony of "Fettesgate raider" Derek Donaldson, who succeeded in obtaining immunity from prosecution for the theft of documents from the Lothian and Borders police headquarters on the condition that the documents were returned.

Campbell repeated Donaldson's description of Hutchison as "Fido", no graver libel than which could possibly be imagined. *Scotsman* editor Magnus Linklater objected to the fact that the *Herald* carried Campbell's comments about Hutchison "without checking with us... This is a slur on the name of a fine reporter." Presumably, there is no truth in the suggestion that Campbell phoned the *Scotsman* switchboard and asked to be put through to "Fido".



"Oh no! A New Age time-traveller!"

● *WHITHER Donald "Pixie" Trelford, departing "editor" of the Observer? According to Tiny Rowland, his owner (sic), he is to be sent off to the Dark Continent.*

Rowland recently told a group of mining hacks at Mooinooi in the western Transvaal that "Busy" would be starting a newspaper in partnership with the ANC. The paper would probably be a tabloid, Rowland explained, "something like the Mail on Sunday", and that Trelford would definitely obey orders [Shurely: "Determine the paper's format"? Ed.)

Pixie is understandably reluctant to leave London (the Garrick, Groucho, etc), and no wonder given the lead news story in the Cape Times of 17 May, which lambasted his reputation. "Under his editorship, the Observer sank from being one of the world's most respected newspapers with a circulation of around one million to a tarnished journal with a circulation of under 400,000... There is likely to be incredulity among Africa experts in London that the ANC and Lonrho had formed a press partnership and a figure as controversial and disrespected by many journalists as Mr Trelford could be the first editor."

Oh dear! This critique no doubt cast a pall over Donald's leaving do from the Observer, which — in typical style — he held at 6.30 on a Friday evening. Traditionally this is not really the slowest time of the week for a Sunday newspaper — but after only 18 years at the Obs Busy can't have been expected to know that.

ANYONE listening to my friend Steve Wright's poptastic show on Radio 1 will have been flummoxed by his recent interview with Scott Chisholm, the sacked BSkyB presenter.

It gave the misleading impression that Chisholm was a man of sweetness and light. For those who missed it, the exchange went as follows:

SW: Now I know you're a very nice person, and it was alleged there was a fracas over at Sky Television, Scott, and I can't have you in here without asking about it. And, I've got to be careful here, we read that you smacked another news reader and floored him. Is this the truth?

SC: *No. Hand on heart, I can say I have never punched anybody at Sky Television. Regrettably.*

SW: So why was it reported that way?

SC: *Why was it reported that way? Because my side of the story has never been told and hopefully it will be told very soon. Only one side of the story came out and it was fiction.*

SW: And, this other person involved, Chris Mann is the guy's name, right?

SC: *Um, yes I think it was.*

Oh dearie me. This displays a curious memory lapse on the part of Chisholm, who was sacked after he stormed on to the news set and began to pummel Chris Mann while he was on air. Mann was punched in the face several times and kneed in the testicles. He was treated in hospital for severe bruising to the face which rendered him unable to appear on screen for five days.

100 YEARS AGO

● *I HEAR AN interesting tale from a gentleman named Syd Geary, who back in the mid-1970s worked for the Britain in Europe Campaign headquarters at the National Liberal Club.*

One day a young man approached Mr Geary and asked him to photocopy the manuscript of a book he had written. The man explained that he was unemployed and could only offer a tenner. Mr Geary, who faced the prospect of losing his job if he were caught, stayed after work to do the copying. The next day he arrived for work to discover that the photocopies had already been collected, but that no tenner had been left.

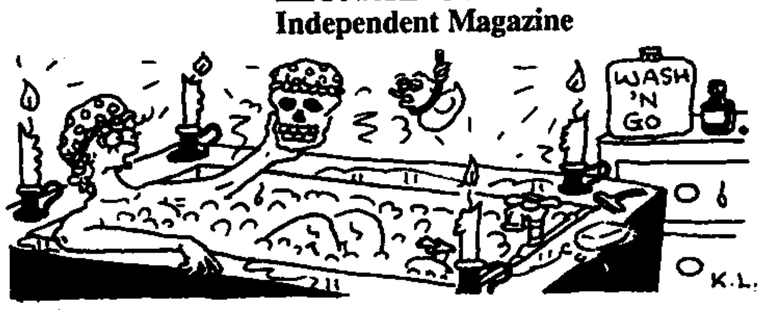
The man in question was Lord Jeffrey Archhole.

Pip Pip!

Pseuds Corner

Yeah, if I'd just nailed the lyrics of *The Future* **[his latest LP] to a church door in Wittenberg, it would be a heavy and foreboding and sinister document — but it's married to a hot little dance track. So the music dissolves in the lyric and the lyric dissolves in the music, and you're left with a kind of refreshment, a kind of oxygen.**

LEONARD COHEN
Independent Magazine



My favourite evening ritual is a candlelit bath. I put on a piece of music, anything from Whitney Houston to opera, and stand four candles at the four corners of the bath, and I lie in scented water and think about death. I'm absolutely fascinated by it, really looking forward to dying...

After the bath I say my prayers to Isis, the great Egyptian mother goddess. I stand in my candlelit bedroom with my arms crossed and my hands on my shoulders in what's called the priestess position. I invoke her presence and you can tell when you've done it successfully: you get this kind of feeling. I talk to her quite naturally about all the things I'd like to be for about 20 minutes. It's a love-based religion, the precursor of whatever Christianity should be, but I can't reveal any more. It's very private and precious.

LYNN PICKNETT
(LBC's 'paranormal agony aunt')
Sunday Times Magazine

We talk about concepts that shock us, imaginations working overtime that sometimes throw an idea into focus, an impossible, unthinkable idea. Those are the ideas I definitely write down, they're honest. Like whenever I go to a furniture store I always wanna pee on the beds. I had this the other day in Harrods.

DARCEY STEINKE
The Big Issue

It is not simply that the gags are brilliant and the one-liners the best in the business. Rather it is that there are whole blissful passages in the show that simply float along from gag to gag with plot, character and situation all exquisitely realised simply through a succession of jokes. The lines suggest James Thurber, the construction Ronald Firbank. The effect is of a kind of delirious lightness and, perversely, of a sort of intensity. You are floating, but you could fall. A word out of place or, worst of all, an out-of-character line and the bubble would burst. But *Cheers* never falters.

BRIAN APPLEYARD
Independent

I arrived on earth 70,000 years ago from the constellation of Aquila. I was sent to create man, to carry out mutations on an Earth creature, a sort of winged serpent which resembled the modern-day duck-billed platypus.

PACO RABANE
Sunday Times Magazine:

CONTRIBUTORS: Julia McCoy, Ena Bateman, Eric Clark, David Cody, William H. Gates III.

£10 paid for entries

NOOKS and CORNERS

SO IT may not be farewell, then, after all. When I wrote my valedictory piece about dear little St Ethelburga's Bishopsgate (*Eye* 819) I had not realised how much of the fabric had, in fact, survived the IRA bomb.

It has, of course, been difficult for anyone to ascertain the real extent of the damage as Elizabeth Ellingworth, the parish administrator for St Helen's Bishopsgate (to which poor St Ethelburga's had been given as a chapel-of-ease) is doing her best to keep people out of the ruins (just as they are making it difficult for anyone to see what is going on inside St Helen's).

But where there's a will there's a way, and it is now clear that it is perfectly possible to reconstruct St Ethelburga's. The numinous glamour of its interior was largely the creation of Ninian Comper at the beginning of this century, and Comper's drawings for the furnishings survive to assist the recreation of his smashed timber screen.

For reasons best known to itself (a bid for redemption by the born-again Rupert Murdoch, perhaps?), the *Times* is campaigning for the rebuilding of St Ethelburga's and this must be applauded. It can be done; the money can be raised. Rather less is needed than to restore the Albert Memorial (which also must be done). The obstacle, of course, lies within the Church of England.

"... Canaletto painted a view of the city of London from Somerset House. It was a beautiful city with St Paul's dominating the skyline. Today the same view shows St Paul's dwarfed by the new Temples of Mammon; the banks, which live off usury; and the insurance companies which fix their stakes on our misfortunes... Today we build skyscrapers looking like oil refineries eschewing natural

materials... Buildings like these cannot be compared with the buildings of our forefathers..."

This is the Word of God as spoken by his prophet, Quinlan Terry. Yet, at a recent meeting of interested parties (excluding, of course, representatives of the former parish) convened by George Cassidy, Archdeacon of London, to discuss the future of St Ethelburga's, the only person present unequivocally and enthusiastically to recommend the demolition of the ruins was, er, Mr Terry, inspecting architect to St Helen's and St Ethelburga's.

What would he do with the site? Sell it to build a neo-Georgian Temple of Mammon, I imagine, to raise more money for his scheme to make St Helen's look as if Puritan iconoclasts had just finished desecrating it (*Eye* 812) — a scheme now going to public inquiry.

"Artistic ability is a gift of the Holy Spirit; a creative gift from God the Creator." I agree; and it is sad that Quinlan Terry missed out this boon, for he is just the purveyor of an easy lookin' Classicism larded with details photocopied from Palladio.

What is abundantly clear from Mr Terry's reflections on "Architecture and Theology" vouchsafed to subscribers of the Salisbury *Review*, is that he is not fit to be entrusted with the care of precious medieval buildings. For he *hates* Gothic; it is Popish idolatry. The wonders raised by the great flowering of European civilisation in the Middle Ages are just dismissed as "large and impressive religious buildings, erected on the Old Testament pattern, that were almost identical in function to the Temple [of Solomon]... But whereas in Old Testament times this type of worship had divine sanction, now, with the coming of Christ, it had none... This went on to the Reformation, when the New Testament was rediscovered..." And, of course, Renaissance Classicism.

The absurdity of the meandering thoughts of this Protestant bigot is the obvious contrast with those of another religious maniac, A.W.N. Pugin, who as a Roman Catholic believed that only Gothic was Christian and that Classicism was Pagan and wicked. But we need a Pugin, or a Comper, to care for both St Ethelburga's and St Helen's; not a Quinlan Terry.

In the end, of course, it all comes down to money. St Helen's claims it has no ready money even to pay for a survey of the ruins of St Ethelburga's, yet this parish of well-heeled hand-waving City evos raised £2.5 million *in six weeks* to rebuild St Helen's after the first IRA bomb and has found £100,000 to build *offices* designed by Terry to go at the east end of St Ethelburga's. That was before the second bomb.

But, whether bombed or not, St Ethelburga was very well endowed and enjoys a handsome income for maintenance. Now the parishes are united, St Helen's, of course (like the diocese), is longing to get its hands on all that money to wreck its own building by making it suitable for slap-clappy Carey-style worship. That is one good reason St Ethelburga's should be restored, properly and completely. But smooth Archdeacon Cassidy is thwarting this by claiming that only £86 has been sent in while stating that a proper appeal has yet to be launched.

"I always take St Ethelburga Bishopsgate," wrote John Betjeman, founder of this column in 1956, "to be a sole and typical survivor, an intimate little place with the atmosphere of medieval London, a hamlet church wedged in between town houses and once blue with incense and hot with small and smelly medieval people on their knees before twinkling shrines." This, of course, is anathema to God's Own Architect and the smelly hand-waving evangelical bigots from Essex who would be happiest worshipping in a whitewashed garage.

'Piloti'

UN NEWS

BOSNIAN Muslims probably wish that the Serbs looked more like Africans: at the beginning of this month, Belgian peacekeepers in Somalia shot dead around 40 Somalis in Kismayo who were trying to retake the town.

No one seemed too bothered to find out whether rules of engagement allowed it and the press did not report the incident, which was so reminiscent of the great days of the Belgian empire in the Congo. In Bosnia, meanwhile, UN monitors merely count the Serbian shells, open armoured cars to allow the Serbs to shoot the deputy prime ministers inside and then allow them to determine which wounded can be evacuated from UN declared "safe areas".

It would be churlish to suggest there was anything *racist* in this difference; that the UN thought it OK to shoot marauding African Muslims, but unthinkable to be anything other than polite to murderous European Christians. In any case, it couldn't be a Christian-Muslim thing because last week the UN security council unanimously pledged itself to defend the shifting borders of Kuwait.

Ironically, at the same time the foreign minister of Bosnia Herzegovinia, a UN member state, made an offer the invertebrate Europeans ignored. He suggested they take their peacekeeping forces and humanitarian aid out of his country so they could not be hostages to Serbian action, and allow the Bosnians the weapons to defend themselves and their frontiers. So far this proposal has fallen on deaf ears. Could it be the oil thing, by any chance? Bosnia has none and Kuwait has loads.

BOUTROS Boutros-Ghali, secretary-general of the United Nations, proved it *is* possible to make the UN appear more contemptible than it already does in Bosnia.

For he has bowed to Chinese pressure to ban Tienanmen Square dissident Shen Tong from speaking to UN correspondents. Even by his own high standards, this is a spectacular public relations own goal.

Madeleine Albright, Bill Clinton's ambassador to the UN, showed rare decisiveness and supported the correspondents. But where were Her Britannic Maj's envoys? After all, British correspondents had played a distinguished role in sparking the revolt. Alas, the normally voluble Sir Humphrey-soundalike, Sir David Hannay, was much muted.

This had nothing to do with Hong Kong, surely?

Sally Deedes

OXBORROW, an engineering firm in Frinton on Sea, was astonished last week to receive an unsolicited letter from an outfit called Ace Locksmiths.

The letter was trying to sell "the Multi Skeleton Car Key Set for £49.95 inclusive". It "opens locked cars instantly with no damage to the lock barrel." The letter claimed the skeleton keys would open most British and foreign cars, and even work on high security locks. "You need never worry about losing your car keys or locking them inside your car again."

Presumably the footnote was intended to cover Ace: "These keys are intended for use by management and authorised staff only, in connection with the motor trade and must not be used for any illegitimate reason or purchased for others not in the motor trade."

But the claim was somewhat limp given that Oxborrow has nothing whatever to do with the motor trade and must, as its managing director Jim Henderson says, have been picked by the locksmiths after a quick trawl through the yellow pages.

Who else has been offered the chance to buy skeleton keys that will open most British and foreign cars "instantly with no damage to the lock barrel"?

Eye TV

Taggart
(ITV)

THE British population may be ageing fast, but surely no one can be growing old as precipitately as those poor, overworked souls, the TV detectives.

It's hard to believe, but only a few years ago TV detectives were young and vibrant and full of action-packed plotlines. They ran about and drove fast cars. They engaged in esoteric sexual practices with hordes of luscious young lovelies. But over the years, the pressures of police work have taken their toll. Now, TV detectives are all saggy and worn out. Many have broken marriages. Some have even moved to Provence. The glory days, such as they were, are gone forever.

Look at Jim Taggart, Glasgow's sturdiest flatfoot. With his tough streetwise demeanour and incomprehensible plots, Taggart was one of the greats. Millions of viewers tuned in every week to be completely baffled by an endless succession of ludicrous red herrings. First one person would be killed. Then, at the end of episode one, a second person would be killed, very possibly by the same person who killed the first person.

Was it the local dentist/doctor/solicitor with a worried expression and large bloodstains on his tie? Was it the suspicious-looking character in sunglasses, holding a Luger? Gradually, most of the suspects would be eliminated — some by falling into cement mixers, others in freak road accidents, but all just before commercial breaks.

Then, at the end of the third episode, the killer would be revealed as the guest star who had been in the fewest scenes up until then. The red herrings would be summarily forgotten and the plot neatly wrapped up. Viewers would turn to each other and say: "But hang on — what about the fingerprints on the Stanley knife? And who was the woman seen in the quarry with the milkman?" Meanwhile, Taggart would be locking up for the night. As the credits rolled, he would look around his office, sigh and walk out into the dank, gloomy Glasgow night.

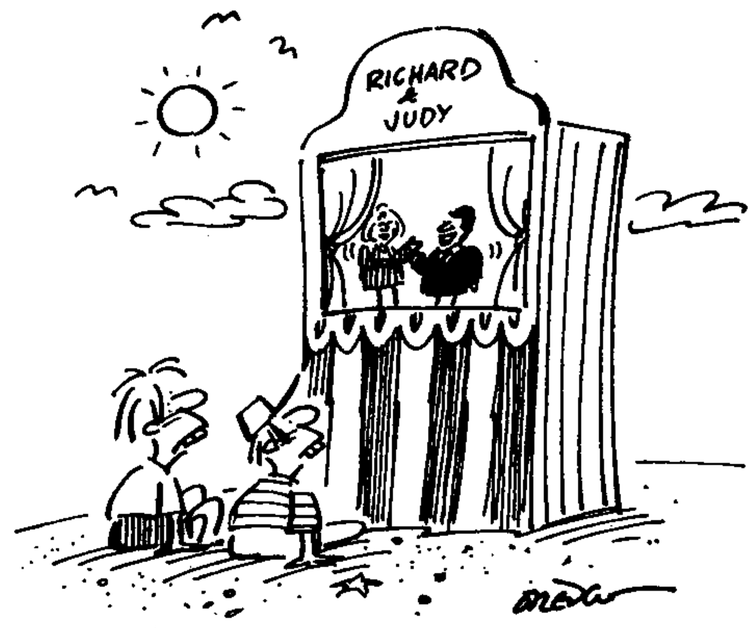
All very splendid, but as the years have passed, this scenario has become worryingly familiar. *Taggart* has now been running for more than a decade. Since he began, the great detective has brought to book more psychopathic killers than anyone bar Angela Lansbury in *Murder She Wrote*. And yet the streets of Glasgow remain mean, and murders still occur with frightening regularity.

Even when someone has killed once, Taggart can never stop them from killing a second or a third time. He usually gets them before number four, but only just. The luckless possessor of what appear to be an unusually ill-fitting set of false teeth, he just spends most of his time looking thoroughly confused, pausing occasionally to spray phlegm over anyone who happens to pass too near.

What can be done? For the moment, of course, his position is safe: the ratings are still healthy and it's not as though Scottish TV is exactly bursting with new ideas for popular drama series. But it's hard not to feel that Taggart is slowly approaching the end of his illustrious crime-fighting career. Television is such a greedy medium, eating up ideas with an almost Hattersley-esque relish.

Taggart used to be written exclusively by Glenn Chandler, who first developed the character, but in recent years scripts have been shared around, to the detriment of the show as a whole. With repetition, even the strongest format eventually descends into formula, and what seemed wildly innovative a few years ago is now wearing perilously close to cliché. In fact, *Taggart* the show now looks nearly as knackered as Taggart the detective. Perhaps a few months in the South of France would do him good.

'Old Couch Potato'



MEDIA NEWS

THE 26-page BBC staff survey (see last *Eye*) is even more of a cock-up than supposed. At one engineering department, four out of five questionnaires have been sent to people who have been sacked and have nothing to gain by replying constructively.

The reasons the questionnaire breaks the basic rule of surveys — asking the right questions to the right people — are not encouraging. Either it is deliberate sabotage by staff carrying out this mad endeavour against their wills; or it proves that £80,000 of licencepayers' money is not enough to do the survey properly; or it is a preemptive "explanation" of why so many forms will come back full of expletives about John Birt.

WITH A great fanfare of publicity, Noel Edmonds recently turned down a £3 million offer from ITV and instead signed a new four-year contract with the BBC, his present employer.

BBC1 controller Alan Yentob was beside himself with glee. "This man is a unique talent," he drooled. "I'm delighted that our long courtship has been consummated."

It is an odd sort of marriage, however, since Edmonds gets to keep all the wedding presents. The contract establishes that the top-rated shows he presents, *Telly Addicts* and *Noel's House Party*, are now the property not of the BBC but of The Unique Group Ltd, a private company owned by Edmonds and his second wife, Helen. As Edmonds told the press after signing on the dotted line: "It's great for my company and for the BBC" — in that order. The Unique Group is now expected to rake in up to £15 million over the next four years in licensing, production and marketing deals; it has already won £100,000 sponsorship from Sony on the strength of the new contract.

All of which has raised eyebrows among staff at the corporation. How, they wonder, has the ownership of a BBC product passed to the show's presenter?

It is not as if *Telly Addicts* was Edmonds's brainchild. The programme started life as *Telly Quiz* some 10 years ago, the idea of stalwart BBC producer Bill Jones. After one series, the job of producing it was passed to John King, a freelance working in the same department. Soon afterwards, King began to claim ownership of the show. Then, as if by a flick of Paul Daniels's magic wand, the rights to *Telly Addicts* were suddenly transferred to Edmonds's company, at the bargain price of £9,000.

How John King, known irreverently as "HRH", managed to put through such a transaction continues to baffle his colleagues. To add to the mystery, the bulky files at the BBC fail to register any correspondence on this cosy deal between presenter and producer. But the upshot is that Edmonds now receives large royalty fees whenever the format of *Telly Addicts* is bought by foreign TV stations. Perhaps the cost-conscious new managers at the corporation would care to investigate how this happened, and who sanctioned it.

The swelling business empire of Noel Edmonds is certainly remarkable. From his manor house in Devon, the bearded wonder runs no fewer than 11 companies: Helicopter Consultancy Ltd, Helicopter Management Ltd, Helifest Ltd, Mostwise Ltd, The Unique Group Ltd, Unique Aviation Group Ltd, Unique Business Presentations Ltd, Unique Water Company Ltd, The Unique Broadcasting Company Ltd, Unique Products Ltd and Noel's Garden Party (Crinkley Bottom) Ltd. It all makes the fuss about John Birt Productions Ltd seem very small beer.

MORE bad news at the merged Yorkshire-Tyne Tees company: handing over responsibility for selling its advertising airtime to London Weekend Television has resulted in 70 more redundancies.

They come on top of the 600-plus staff shed at YTV in Leeds (*Eye* 818) and the 500 jobs lost at Tyne Tees over the past five years. While staff numbers have hit new lows, directors' wads have grown mightily. Workers put on the dole will doubtless be cheered to know that their sacrifice was necessary to fund "termination payments" totalling £790,000 to persuade just *two* Tyne Tees directors to abandon ship.

Rapidly running out of people to sack, managers have turned their attention on freelance technicians, researchers and camera crews. Their pay rates have been slashed, collective agreements torn up and they now have to work 14-hour days. Unfortunately, many freelance members of the TV union BECTU refuse to work on such terms. Sacking staff and antagonising casuals may prove to be a case of cutting off the nose to spite the face.

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
"AS I ALWAYS SAY, I'M LOOKING TO HIMALAYAN HEIGHTS...
FROM THE BOTTOM OF A BARREL"
CIGAR
Cham-pagne
THE ROVER'S REPEAT
"Trebles and base camp all round!"
BBC pays Noel Edmonds £10 million to stay at BBC

WORLD OF HYPE: Group 4

HAVING become a national joke because of its blithering incompetence at keeping prisoners under lock and key, Group 4 recently hired the PR firm Shandwick Consultants — whose boss, Peter (brother of John) Gummer, also works for the Tories — to plant favourable stories about the company in national newspapers.

Surely the frank and fearless British press would not be susceptible to such obvious hype? Of

Why you should employ a security company with a 95% failure rate

group 4 TOTAL SECURITY

Giving the world a sense of security

Advertisement 1978

course it would: the policy is already showing impressive results.

The first paper to succumb was the *Sunset Times*. Hearing that the rag was planning to run a piece about Group 4, Shandwick offered *ST* hack James Bethell the chance of an exclusive interview with Group 4 chairman Jorgen Philip-Sorenson. Bethell, suitably flattered, duly wrote a long and fawning article, praising Philip-Sorenson's "disarmingly open and engaging style" and his "humour and eloquence". The loss of eight prisoners in four weeks was, Bethell added, "by no means all its [Group 4's] fault".

Delighted with this success, Shandwick began to target other hacks. One who took the bait was *Daily Mail* home affairs correspondent Anthony Doran, who reported last Wednesday that "the security firm's reputation for letting prisoners slip through its hands is somewhat unfair". A "*Daily Mail* investigation" had discovered that "Group 4's average weekly prisoner loss rate was just under 0.6, while the combined losses by police and prisoner officers were around 1.17."

This statistic is meaningless, since it ignores the fact that Group 4 only covers a small part of the country and therefore has fewer prisoners to lose. Doran's "investigation" seems to have consisted mainly of a briefing by Group 4's operations chief, Jim Harrower, who, according to the *Mail*, "has produced a convincing case in support of the firm's record".

On the same day, Shandwick notched up yet another PR success with a story in the *Times* revealing that Group 4 had hired a former MI6 man, Barrie Gane — "a remarkable *coup* for a private security firm," gushed the *Thunderer*.

We can expect many more Group 4 puff pieces masquerading as news stories in the next few weeks. Any sightings gratefully received.

I-BSkyB

Rita (manageress of Nottingham 'pet hotel') says: "We're fitting a satellite dish soon because so many pets watch BSkyB at home."

The Sun

FOOTBALL fan Keith Dick stabbed his brother to death for disturbing him as he listened to a big match commentary, a court heard yesterday.

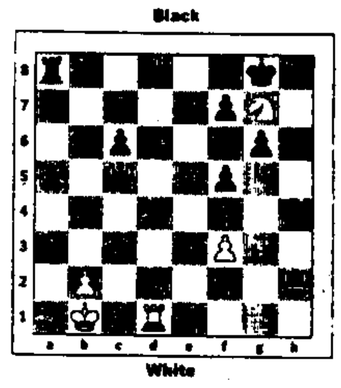
Portsmouth supporter Dick was already enraged when arrangements to watch the game on Sky TV fell through.

The Sun

CONTRIBUTORS: Mrs M. Gayfer, J. Pridige.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

CHESS PUZZLE



HARDLY a day goes by without another hysterical puff piece in *The Times* about the unofficial "World Championship" chess match between Garry "Gazza" Kasparov and Nigel "Nosher" Short, to be held in London this autumn.

Hardly surprising: for behind the web of intrigue surrounding the match lurks the formidably devious figure of the Penguin, more formally known as Raymond Keene OBE, chess editor of *The Times*.

The Penguin, so called because of his bow-tie, low centre of gravity and ungainly waddle, is already well known to *Eye* readers as the man behind the controversial London half of the 1986 World Championship. Not long before this match, the Greater London Council was due to be wound up, and there was a lot of money splashing around which had to be spent quickly. On such occasions the Penguin is always ready to assist. His biggest *coup* was to get Mrs Thatcher, arch-critic of socialist waste, to open the proceedings. Naturally, in order to spare the Leaderene's delicate sensibilities, GLC involvement in the affair was kept extraordinarily low-key.

Seven years on, another world championship match was due to be held in Britain, after Nosher's victory over the Dutch grandmaster Jan Timman earlier this year gave him the right to challenge Gazza for the title. Manchester Corporation quickly put in a bid to host the event, and the bid was equally swiftly accepted by FIDE, the world chess federation. FIDE, in typically high-handed fashion, did not consult the players, and Nosher decided the Manchester terms would not give him enough loot. So, to the bewilderment of almost everyone in the British chess scene, he got in touch with the Penguin and asked him to come up with some fish.

After frantic behind-the-scenes manoeuvring, the Professional Chess Association was formed, ostensibly to take control of the game away from bureaucrats and into the hands of professionals. However, as the press handout revealed, the PCA "will be governed by a Board consisting of two players, including the World Champion, and three internationally recognised business executives." It is assumed that the Penguin is the second player, which to most people would suggest that professional chess players are in fact outnumbered four-to-one on the board.

Under the PCA, a new bidding process was initiated, with Keene overseeing the bids; and coincidentally *The Times* won the right to hold the match, in spite of not being the highest bidder.

The paper ran an editorial boasting of the "prestige" of the Professional Chess Association, without mentioning the involvement of its own chess correspondent. But elsewhere in the chess world the PCA was seen as essentially a one-event organisation, designed to hijack a lucrative world championship contest and give the bow-tied fixer powers of patronage. There are serious doubts as to whether the Penguin Chess Association is capable of running a credible qualifying system for the world championship particularly if, as seems highly likely, many grandmasters boycott the new outfit.

A press conference was held in the middle of May to reveal to the waiting world what momentous plans the PCA and *The Times* had for the world championship. The most sensational of these was "a unique form of ticketing which provides entrance to this prestigious event and much, much more — THE CHESS BOND." In another pompous editorial the next day, *The Times* trumpeted that it "is proud of its role in this event. By backing it, we believe we have struck a blow for a more open, more democratic, more popular approach to chess — and to much else besides." Behind all the gush, what this turned out to mean was that if you wanted to watch live chess you had to pay a rip-off price of at least £45.

Meanwhile, what of Nigel's prospects? He has received a lot of bad publicity, and was visibly on the defensive at the press conference. Despite his much publicised friendships with Dr Death and *Spectator* editor Dominic Lawson, Short is woefully out of his depth in the murky world of chess politics — which may harm his chances of becoming world champion of either the FIDE or PCA type. But he should have learned years ago that diving in with the Penguin is not a good idea.

If in doubt, he could have consulted Victor Korchnoi, for whom Keene acted as "chief second" during his 1978 World Championship match against Karpov. Having signed a contract with Korchnoi promising not to write a book about the match, the wily Penguin promptly published one just three days after the contest ended. In a letter to the British Chess Federation complaining about Keene's dishonouring of the contract, Korchnoi added: "Mr Keene also owes me certain monies... I am reminded that after the match, Mr Keene, as my principal second, has received a fee from Campomanes [head of FIDE]. But I enlisted the help of Mr O. Panno in the latter part of the match partly because Mr Keene, unaccountably at the time, seemed preoccupied and extremely lethargic most of the time..."

Has *The Times*'s chess correspondent changed his ways since then? Watch this space.

THE BBC in Wales is looking more and more like a PR mouthpiece for Welsh nationalism.

Last month the annual conference of the Wales Labour party at Llandudno was denied live TV coverage — treatment that can be expected at the Tories' and the Liberal Democrats' own Welsh get-togethers. Only Plaid Cymru, the Welsh nationalist party, will get the full boot-licking treatment.

This is curious; for at the general election Labour won just under 50 per cent of the Welsh vote, the Tories 28 per cent and the Lib Dems 12 per cent while the nationalists brought up the rear with a hugely unimpressive 9 per cent.

Coincidentally, Aled Eirug, the new head of news and current affairs at BBC Wales, is a former parliamentary researcher for the Welsh nationalist MP Dafydd Elis Thomas, who now basks in the Upper House as Lord Elis Thomas of Nant Conwy. Eirug was once a leading member of the militant Welsh Language Society and he spent a spell as Brenda's guest in Swansea nick as a result of his activities on behalf of a tongue spoken by fewer than one in five of Wales's 2.75 million population.

Interestingly, another of milord ET's former researchers, Karl Davies, was chairman of the language society in 1984. Today he produces BBC Wales's parliamentary output from Westminster.

LUVVIES

Acting is a sort of psychoanalysis that never heals you. It opens wounds and leaves you to do what you like with what you find.

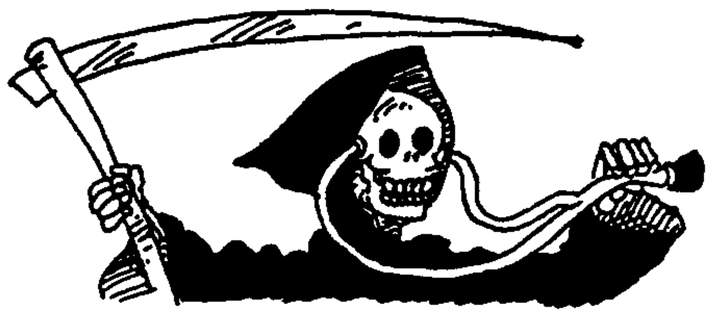
Emmanuelle Beart
Edinburgh cinema programme

Submitted by Mark Hepworth.

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

Lamont FOR BEAUTY

Norwich Yellow Pages



DOING THE ROUNDS

SIR James Ackers, ex-chairman of West Midlands regional health authority, took early retirement to spend more time with the public accounts committee (see *Eyes passim*).

Despite leaving WMRHA with a £10 million debt, Sir Jammy was given a £30,000 handshake. The hat is now being passed round for other staff facing redundo and "voluntary" retirement. Martin Howell, professional services manager, has asked contributors not to make cheques payable to the WMRHA "as I am advised this would cause accounting difficulties".

Meanwhile, the strange relationship between government and Tarmac has manifested itself again with the appointment of Bryan Baker, Tarmac's former deputy chairman, to replace Ackers at the RHA. He retired from Tarmac in December, and was one of the prime movers behind the deal with the government whereby Tarmac was paid nearly £50 million to take over the Property Services Agency. Equally coincidentally Baker's reign saw massive Tarmac donations to Tory party funds.

● IN **LONDON, Guy's hospital** fertility unit risks privatisation or closure following the cancellation of four health authority contracts, cuts in 15 more and the failure of a further 15 authorities to agree any contract at all. The clinic is now offering private treatment at £700 a shot.

Greenwich district NHS trust is two months old... and £6 million in debt. The **Brook hospital** has been sold to Sainsbury's and will close within the year with no home yet identified for the neuroscience unit. The medical equipment budget is frozen, wards are being closed and operations delayed. One theatre unit has shut due to a shortage of anaesthetists. The trust has, however, found £25,000 for an arts coordinator "to bring paintings, music, drama, sculpture, textiles and dance into the Brook and Greenwich district hospitals". She will be joined by a storyteller in residence, two painters and a £250,000 printing press for the hospital newspaper.

● **CRAWLEY and Horsham NHS Trust** (motto — "Where people matter") is also two months old, £750,000 in debt and slashing its support services. Staff cuts in the eight-bedded bungalows for profoundly handicapped adults in Haywards Heath, Crawley and Horsham have reduced the service to custodial care, with patients just cleaned, washed and fed. Physiotherapy and speech therapy sessions for handicapped children and adults have been reduced and parents and playgroups which used to have direct access to these services now have to go through fundholding GPs. The GPs then make ludicrously inadequate purchases: six weeks of speech therapy for handicapped patients who need it for life.

● ANNE GRAHAM, Tory chair of **South Cumbria health authority**, has at last issued a statement on the £2.3 million debt that crept up on her last November (*Eye* 819). Although she attributes it to "a basic lack of financial control and inadequate accounting practice", Mrs Graham is at pains to point out that there is no need for resignations.

This view is echoed by Westmorland and Lonsdale Tory MP Michael Jopling, who claims there was "no way" either the chairman or other SCHA members could have known about the problems — even though they date back to November 1991. "Our aim for 1993-94 is the maintenance of patient services at existing levels within the available resources," said Mrs Graham. **Roose hospital** for the elderly and mentally ill has been closed to save £1.5 million.

● **HERTFORDSHIRE** now has so many fundholding GPs competing and bickering over contracts that cash-strapped hospitals are unable to cope with their excessive demands. Patients of fundholders thus have to wait nearly as long for operations as those of non-fundholders. One GP said the only patient he'd managed to have admitted to hospital this year was the ex-mayor of Watford.

● DESIGNERS of the new **Conquest hospital** in **Hastings** included a lake in the grounds to which patients have no access. In the middle of the lake are a number of large rocks and, to ensure they were placed in the right place, an architect was flown in and out by helicopter at huge expense. The hospital is running into financial difficulties and closing wards.

● DR D.W. WARRELL, chief executive of **Central Manchester Healthcare Trust**, has announced a "traffic management strategy" to "improve traffic flow and to provide segregated patient and visitor parking". To achieve this he is charging staff more for a parking permit than at any other hospital in Britain. Employees will have between £6 and £20 deducted from their monthly wages, though none has yet received his or her vast 1.5 percent wage increase due on 1 April and many will be out of pocket when extra duty payments are abolished. CMHT has also closed an admissions ward, forcing 5 G-grade sisters to compete for four jobs.

● MANAGERS at the **Bristol Royal Infirmary** have decimated car parking spaces for staff, forcing them to park miles away. Now they plan to take over the popular staff swimming pool and convert it into a car park. For themselves.

● IN MARCH, **Oldham NHS Trust** gave the cleaning contract for the **Royal Oldham hospital** to a private company, Mediclean. Twenty five cleaners, all women and many longserving, were promptly sacked. Those who remain have had their wages cut by 10p an hour, holiday entitlement reduced by a third and are now obliged to give six months' notice for a holiday. As trust chief executive Peter Shrigley put it: "The regulations governing competitive tendering do not let the trust govern matters such as rates of pay and holiday entitlements."

● AT **ST CLEMENTS hospital** in **Bow**, part of the **Royal London hospital trust**, a new residential block has been built for elderly patients who might not survive alone in the community but who don't need round-the-clock supervision of a hospital ward. A long-stay ward at St Clements was promptly closed and the patients transferred to the new block. Needless to say, some couldn't cope in their new surroundings and their conditions deteriorated. Instead of reopening the ward, which cost just £400 a week to run, managers have dispatched the patients to private psychiatric hospitals at a cost of £2,000 per patient per week.

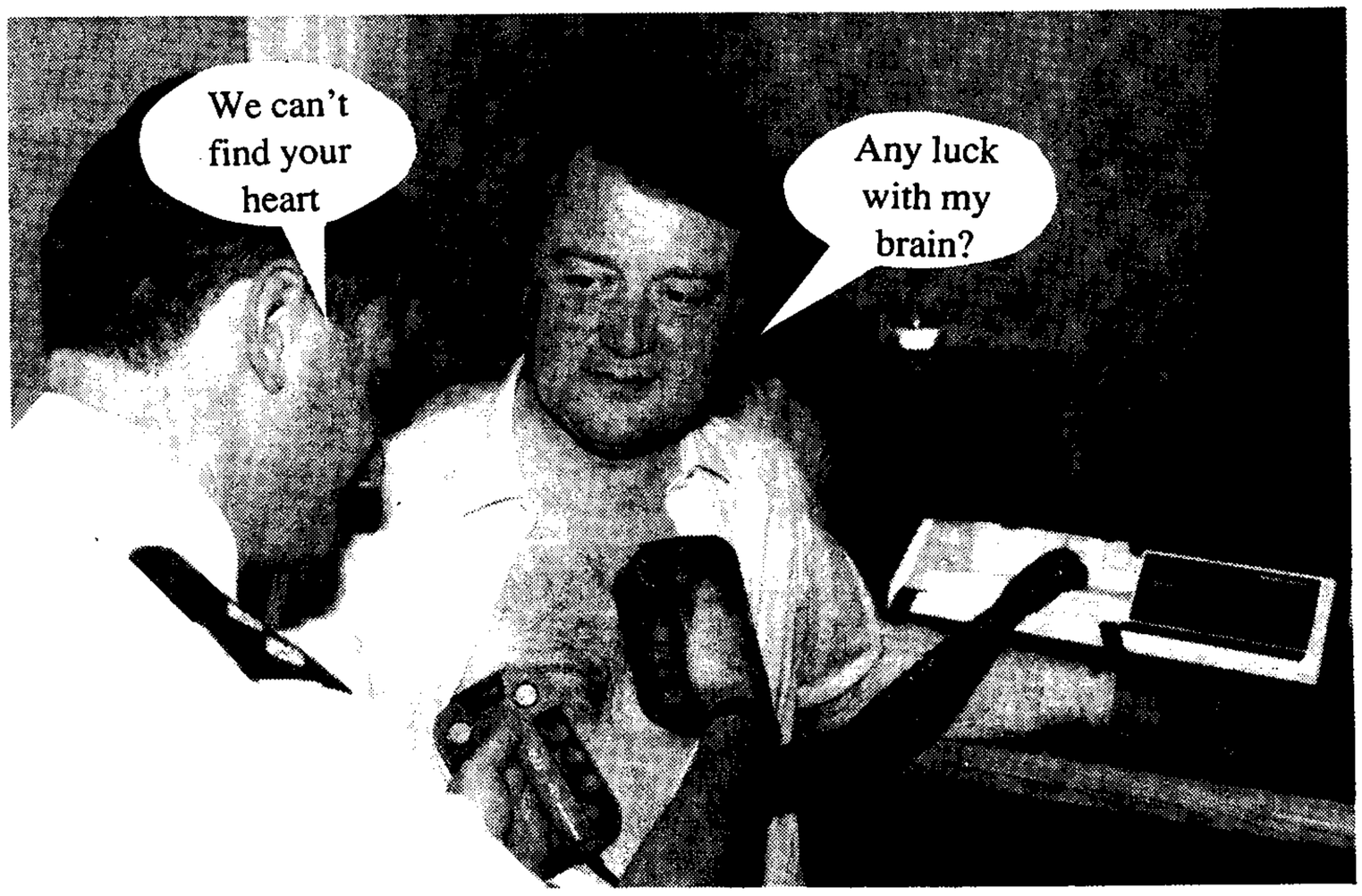
● PHASE II of **East Surrey Hospital NHS trust** was officially opened by Virginia Bottomley in February. Already two wards have closed (Newdigate and Leigh) and after a recent fire in the stores it was found that no one had taken out any insurance. On a brighter note, a golf driving range is being built in the grounds.

● DR CHRIS CHAPMAN, who was sacked after exposing a scientific fraud at **Leeds General Infirmary** (see *Eyes passim*), is to be reemployed by the **United Leeds Teaching Hospitals Trust.**

Dr Chapman has dropped his claim for unfair dismissal in return for a three-year research contract at Wharfedale Hospital on his old pay and conditions. Ten years' pension rights will also be reinstated. (They were deliberately denied him by the timing of his "redundancy".) Lord Merlyn Rees will chair an inquiry into Dr Chapman's allegations.

But why hasn't Stuart Ingham, the trust's £90,000 a year chief executive, rushed to congratulate the biochemist on this victory for commonsense? Ingham was excluded from negotiations and was said to be speechless with rage at the deal.

M.D.



HUSBAND

ENERGY

THE official outlook for the electricity industry has been dramatically transformed by a quiet announcement from the National Grid Company (Gridco). It ups the forecast of demand for electricity over the next seven years *by nearly 50 percent*.

This makes a nonsense of the official view, put forward a year ago, that we are heading for a 60 percent *surplus* of generating capacity and need to shut down coal mines and power stations.

The transformation has been achieved by "calculating" that demand for electricity will rise by 1.6 percent a year until the turn of the century, compared with the forecast last year of only 1.1 percent. The first forecast meant we were heading for a ridiculously large surplus of about 30,000 megawatts — or 35 to 40 large power stations — which would be standing idle even during the half an hour of peak demand on the coldest day of the coldest winter. The new forecast means there would be only 24-48 percent surplus capacity, and the lower figure is what the industry normally wants to cover breakdowns.

The forecasts — on which the country's energy future is based — come from futurologists at Gridco's Coventry HQ. Each year they suck their thumbs and come up with a seven-year statement. This was introduced because under privatisation there was a danger that the big generating companies might create shortages and push up prices by failing to build new power stations. The forecasts are used by people like Michael Heseltine and his civil service advisers.

Gridco cannot explain the staggering switch from last year to this. Its forecasts are based on predictions provided by the 12 regional electricity companies (RECs) who own the grid, so the boffins are not in a strong position to ask their masters if they have lost their marbles.

A year ago they wanted to be able to show that there would be a surplus, as this tends to push down the price of the electricity they buy from National Power and PowerGen. Since then, the RECs have been developing their own capacity as generators, so they would be interested in showing that there was a growing demand for their product. Not, of course, that anyone would dream of suggesting that the forecasts are based on anything but the purest intellectual analysis.

The change undermines the case put forward by Heseltine for closing coal mines, which was based on his repeated insistence that there was no market for coal and, as he put it to the select committee on trade and industry: "I cannot force electricity companies to buy coal."

If the new forecast proves more accurate than the last, electricity companies will be glad to buy anything that will keep their power stations operating. Next year there could well be a similar reappraisal by the futurologists and, if the trend continues, Whitehall will be talking once again, as it did in the 70s and 80s, about an energy gap, instead of an energy glut, and about darkness descending unless we have more power.

PROFESSOR Stephen Littlechild, director-general of Offer, the electricity regulator, has threatened to refer the electricity generators National Power and PowerGen to the monopolies commission because they hog the market and rig prices. It is an empty threat.

As the two giants well know, Littlechild will not do so because, as one of the architects of privatisation, he wants the government to succeed in selling the 40 percent it still owns of the duopoly.

The stake was withheld from the sell-off by the then energy secretary, John (now Lord) Wakeham, because he feared the sale, even at his giveaway price, might not succeed. With the public purse now £50 billion in the hole, the treasury is positively salivating to get its hands on the £2.8 billion the holding is said to be worth. If Littlechild *were* to put the generators on trial with the monopolies commission, the sale would have to be delayed indefinitely. No mug is going to buy into an industry that could be about to be broken up.

Littlechild has played such a prominent role in turning a public service into a private profit-maker he would not want to wreck his brainchild. National Power and PowerGen know they can continue to thumb their nose at him.

POLICE 5

THE *Eye* can reveal that the senior officer who upset chief constable Ron "Biffo" Hadfield, head of the infamous West Midlands police, was his deputy, Richard Adams.

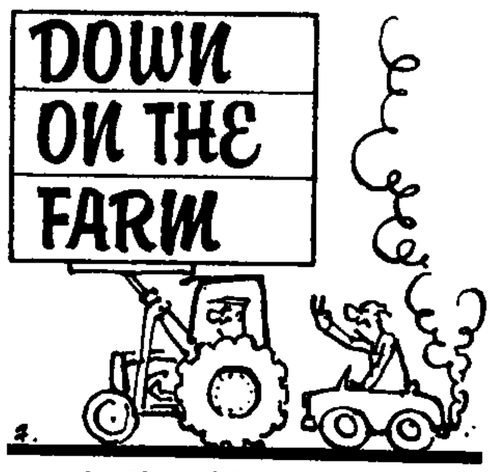
It had been common knowledge among officers that DCC Adams was "liaising" with a female press officer. But when Biffo carpeted him over it, he was told to go and boil his fat head: Adams was single and, he said, could do as he liked.

Before the incident, Biffo had believed Adams to be happily married. He had garnered this impression from a reference supplied to him by the head of Murkeyside's finest, Jim Sharples, when Adams was up for the DCC's job — even though Sharples knew full well that Adams was divorced.

Given such goings-on, Alison Halford's chagrin at the "references" Sharples supplied for her is all the more understandable.

Sir Kenneth Gordon Oxford and Kevin Alphonsus Dooley

ON 9 NOVEMBER 1990, in an article about Derek Hatton and Co, we said that their belated arrest was due to the appointment of a new chief constable on Merseyside to replace Sir Kenneth Oxford. We wish to make clear that any suggestion that Sir Kenneth Oxford had ensured that Hatton and Co were not arrested or that while chief constable he was responsible for giving Hatton and Co police protection or that he was influenced or pressured by Mr Dooley into ensuring they were not arrested is totally without foundation. It is also accepted that Mr Dooley is not and has never been a holiday companion of Mr Hatton nor Mr Beyga. We apologise to Sir Kenneth Oxford and Kevin Dooley for any embarrassment this article has caused them.



with 'New Muckspreader'

SERIOUS concern is being expressed by farmers at the way the judiciary is increasingly unable to judge technical cases.

After the perverse verdict in the Wragg pollution case (see *Eyes passim*), another example has occurred at Dewsbury court when magistrates were asked to judge the fitness, sight unseen, of a heifer cow carcase produced in Spenborough abattoir, West Yorkshire.

The meat, valued at a record £800, had been seized by MAFF-appointed Andrew Gauldie after he found that both kidneys were infected. As its owner, Mr Richard Gibson, a farmer and meat trader for more than 25 years, argued that the meat was fit to eat, Gauldie turned to the magistrates for a decision.

The passionate Gauldie, who agreed with technical evidence that there were no signs of infection having spread from the kidneys, nevertheless argued that the court should condemn the meat "to be on the safe side". In doing so, he offered a seductive vision of a contamination-free world, which was undoubtedly easier to comprehend than the evidence.

However, Gauldie's emotive arguments in lieu of evidence, and his display of ignorance in identifying a heifer as an old "cull" cow, cannot have influenced the justices. Why they ordered the needless destruction of perfectly fit meat, therefore, remains a mystery, especially as neither standard textbooks nor the meat inspection regulations indicate that kidney disease should be a reason for condemnation.

ONE REASON Gibson's heifer cow carcase was so valuable — £800 is an absurd price — is that a national beef shortage has driven prices up to such record levels consumers can no longer afford to buy.

We are lucky, therefore, that Brussels has devised a scheme for levelling out supply fluctuations. It is called intervention: the wonderful scheme which brought us the much-loved butter and beef mountains, and the wine lakes.

Given that consumers are no longer able to afford a product which they so heavily subsidise, one would expect the intervention board — another part of ex-agriculture minister John Gummer's disastrous reign — to be releasing supplies from store. What a silly thought. While 140,799 tonnes were added to the beef mountain in the year ending 31 March 1992, another 164,537 tonnes were added by 31 March this year.

Sources suggest this consumer-unfriendly action might have had something to do with Gummer's need to keep livestock farmers sweet. Given all his ministry-inspired disasters, such as the beef special premium and IACS, plus meat inspection and other charges, maintaining high producer prices was one way of achieving this. In slaughterhouses, where trade is otherwise collapsing, intervention slaughter is also an excellent way to keep the reshuffled environment secretary's friends in the EEC-approved slaughter trade busy. It is rumoured that this business is the only thing keeping the large abattoirs afloat.

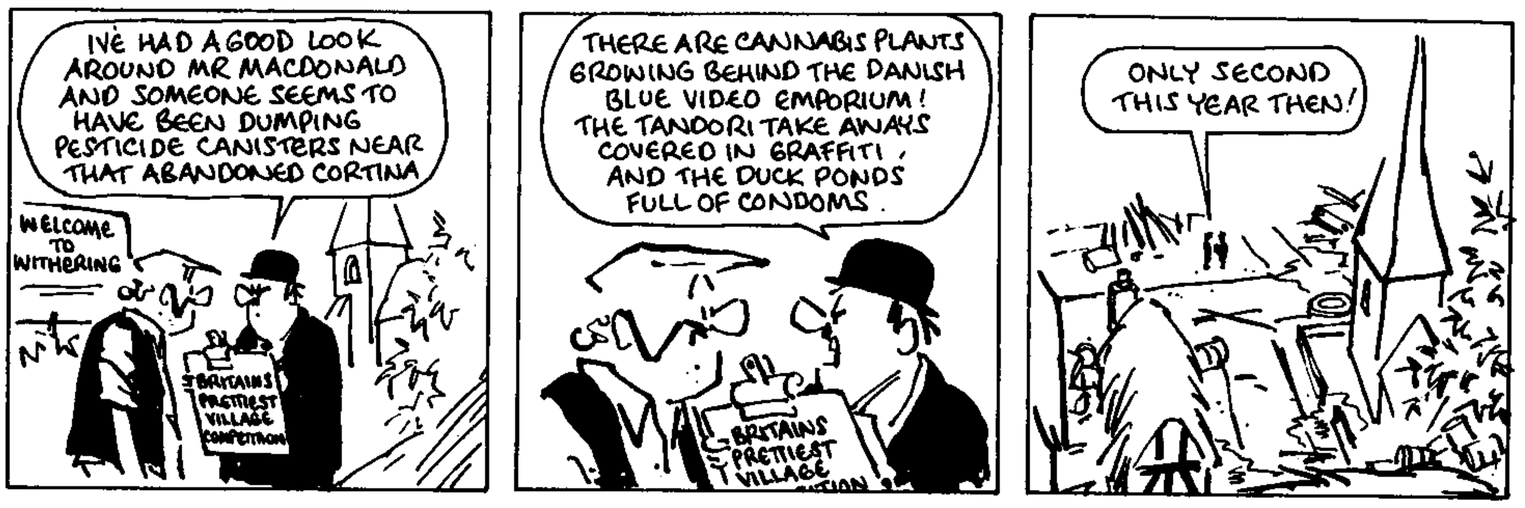
WHEN Lord Howe was recently asked in the Lords to explain what components organophosphate sheep dips — which are poisoning farmers (*Eyes passim*) — had in common with nerve gas, he answered that there were "qualitative" differences between the two: for example "the purposes of nerve gas".

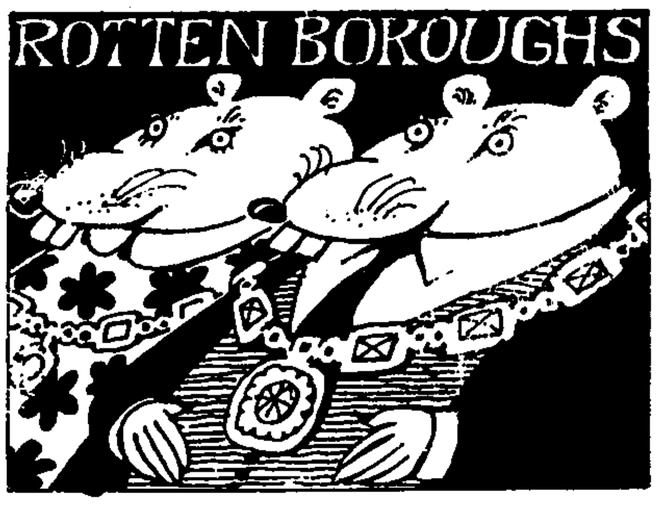
Howe, who had the misfortune to represent Gummer in the Lords, thus seemed to be saying that the difference between OP dips and the nerve gas invented by the Nazis — and subsequently used by Saddam Hussein to poison the Kurds — is the way they are used.

Small wonder that, of the 227 suspected adverse reactions in humans, reported to the government's veterinary medicines division, 154 related to the use of OP dips. It seems farmers — as they succumb to the deadly poison in ever-increasing numbers — are not able to make the fine "qualitative" distinction pointed out by the unfortunate Howe.

Old Macdonald

ALBERT


IVE HAD A GOOD LOOK AROUND MR MACDONALD AND SOMEONE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN DUMPING PESTICIDE CANISTERS NEAR THAT ABANDONED CORTINA
WELCOME TO WITHERING
BRITAINS PRETTIEST VILLAGE COMPETITION
THERE ARE CANNABIS PLANTS GROWING BEHIND THE DANISH BLUE VIDEO EMPORIUM! THE TANDORI TAKE AWAYS COVERED IN GRAFFITI, AND THE DUCK PONDS FULL OF CONDOMS.
BRITAINS PRETTIEST VILLAGE
ONLY SECOND THIS YEAR THEN!



MURKEYSIDE

EFFORTS to sack Bob Bertram, Liverpool's city engineer, for alleged "gross misconduct" (EYE 808) keep coming unstuck. One problem is the inability to find suitable candidates to preside over its team of inquisitors.

Alan Dean, chair of personnel, is disqualified from hearing the case, along with two other councillors from the pro-Rimmer Labour rump, since it was they who accused Bertram of running up a £1.5 million deficit on a TV cable contract in the first place.

More curious is the absence of two Liberal Democrat councillors from the disciplinary panel for "personality" reasons. The Lib Dem chief whip, Coun Lang, withdrew after complaints that he had made anti-semitic remarks about an excitable "Jewish element" within his party. His colleague Dan McCittrick dropped out over allegations concerning his integrity were made by another LD councillor.

Nor will the council do its case any good with news that Bertram's deputy will escape with a warning if he testifies against his boss. It's all very well for Rimmer's deputy, "Dreadful" Dawn Booth, to complain about incompetent officers making the authority overspend by £2.6 million and initiating hearings against 15 others. But botched attempts to sack workers in the past have only added to legal bills — which are met by the long-suffering Scouse taxpayer.

LEEDS

LEEDS city council can't rid itself of the implications of the Armley asbestos scandal.

Hundred of homes are contaminated by particles from an asbestos factory that closed in the 1950s (see *Eye* 797). But when asked why its housing or environmental health departments had failed to warn the public or do anything until recently, council chiefs have repeatedly claimed that the authority knew nothing of the problem until alerted by a TV documentary in late 1988.

So imagine the embarrassment of council leader Jon Trickett when documents uncovered by US lawyers showed that factory owners T&N not only confirmed contamination in a house *nine years earlier* — in 1979 — but secured an understanding that all references to the building's proximity to the factory should be removed from the land registry, apparently by Leeds city council.

Challenged on these findings by the Armley Asbestos Campaign, Trickett summoned senior officers to an emergency all-day meeting. Afterwards he said he would set up an inquiry under an independent chairperson into "what, if anything, was known about asbestos in people's homes" before 1988.

He ordered a trawl through all council documents on the subject to get at the truth of what, he admitted, was "tragically a matter of life and death". Residents welcomed the inquiry but asked why the council had spent the last five years steadfastly denying any prior knowledge of the scandal.

BIRMINGHAM

A SECRET council report that paints a disturbing and pitiful picture of life at a private rest home in Birmingham is causing consternation in the city's social services department.

The report reveals how elderly and senile residents at Greylands in Erdington were deprived of food for up to 14 hours at a time, were cared for by schoolchildren, wrapped in sheets to save on incontinence pads and had a host of other indignities heaped upon them, including punishments if they misbehaved.

Greylands is run by the eccentric and frequently tired and emotional Maureen O'Grady, an Irish ex-Catholic who claims to be a practising Muslim. Mrs O'Grady is an unusual person to be in charge of elderly people. In 1988 she was convicted of breaking her licence after she packed the place so full of old folk that they had to clamber round their neighbours' beds to reach their own.

Other allegations in the report include making residents share underwear and charging them 33 pence for shampoo each time they wash their hair, or 75 pence for a small glass of sherry — on top of the £193 she gets for each resident each week from the department of social security. Food shortages are also a problem. The report, obtained by the *Eye*, alleges that she once left one small quiche to supply supper for 15 residents.

Greylands is a private home, so on the face of it social services have little to fear and much to boast about in exposing such a place. So why the secrecy? The answer is that the department has taken *10 years* to produce its report and is still little closer to doing anything effective about it.

The report by Chris Williams, of the social services inspectorate, persuaded councillors on the city's elderly care committee to withdraw the home's registration. But that is subject to two appeals which could take many months. Mr Williams is not really to blame for the delay as the inspectorate was only set up two years ago. His superiors and predecessors are a different matter.

BENT

IT'S THE end of an era at barmy Bent where self-styled Madame Chairman, the crazily-named Nkechi Amalu-Johnson, aka Beryl Johnson, has been kicked out of her office and off council committees.

The ruling Tories are so cocky having recruited two councillors from Labour — Harshod Barot and M.D. Patel — they feel they no longer need the support of the eccentric Amazulu, even though it was her defection two years ago that helped them take the borough from Labour.

Not that the crazed Idi Amin-supporting Amazulu went without a fight. First she engaged Messrs Sue, Grabbit and Runne to force the Tories into allowing her places on Bent committees for 1993-94. When this failed, council bosses slapped a seven-day ejection notice on her; and when that ran out the heavies moved in. The locks were changed and Amazulu's worldly goods were turfed out. They included an ethnically-dressed voodoo doll and a massive picture of her nemesis, council leader Bob Blackman.

HACKNEY

LABOUR councillor Andy Buttress, the "missing" chairman of hard-up Hackney's community services committee, has quit his council post claiming that he is suffering from a "long-term degenerative illness" after colleagues questioned his claim for £15,000 worth of expenses for 1991-92.

Buttress's claim, thought to be Britain's second highest for councillors this year, has been deemed so excessive that Inspector Knacker, a close friend of the council, has been called in to scrutinize it. Knacker may also be looking at allegations that Buttress has been claiming housing benefit to which he is not entitled, despite having mounting council rent arrears.

It is to be hoped that Knacker has more luck in locating Buttress than everyone else. What made his five-figure clain seem absurd was that since Christmas he has rarely been seen in the grimy corridors of Britain's poorest borough. All attempts at contacting him, even a public appeal by local Labour MP Diane Abbott in the *Hackney Gazette*, after he introduced big cuts for local voluntary groups, went unanswered.

BROMLEY

LAMBETH-style practices have been revealed at Tory-controlled Bromley following the release of a damning 67-page report by the district auditor into the running of the borough's social services department in the early 1990s.

Eye readers will recall the name of Mike Carpenter, the former social services boss, who went to America to check on private care homes there. The report reveals that more than £10,000 was spent on untendered work by consultant Johnson Kane, Kane being a director of the firm that paid for Carpenter and social services chairman Monty Blazey's trip.

The report also finds that:

- Firms were handed contracts without submitting quotes, including £200,000 to a furniture company.
- Carpenter bypassed councillors using chairman Blazey's emergency powers.
- Carpenter once persuaded the council to accept a tender £60,000 higher than the lowest bid.
- Bromley lost £47,000 a year in interest by paying one firm a month in advance instead of in arrears as contracted.

By coincidence, various documents relating to the contracts have been lost. Meanwhile Mr Carpenter, who is on police bail while the fraud squad investigates the trip to the US, has had his pension increased by Bromley by £30,000.

HINCKLEY

SWEET revenge for Independent councillor Mike Handford (*Eyes passim*), persecuted by Hinckley borough council officials.

Handford recently stood for election to Leicestershire county council on an unusual anti-corruption ticket, urging electors not to vote for him but to choose a candidate who would "best serve" democracy. He stood in the seat defended by Tory councillor Charles Davenport, a member of both county and borough councils.

Davenport chaired the borough's policy and resources committee when it agreed to a £110,000 pay-off for disgraced council chief executive Alan Cleary — after Handford had revealed how Cleary used chargepayers' money to pay private investigators to spy on him. And Davenport was in charge of a Hinckley council meeting which agreed to sell empty council houses at a quarter of their market value.

Handford's determination to reveal such antics and humiliate the borough's policy chairman has worked. The Liberals took the county seat and Davenport faces the ignominy of losing his borough committee chairmanship, too.

O·B·N

The effects of HRT slightly depend on where you're starting from. For women who have a tendency towards independent-mindedness, it turns them into warriors. The patron of the HRT set is Lady Thatcher, who now looks like a teenager.

EMMA SOAMES
Evening Standard

Submitted by A-M. Goldring.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

The Guildford and Woolwich Bombings, 1974

Questions we can answer

1). Who did the bombings?

Brendan Dowd, Joseph O'Connell, Hugh Doherty, Harry Duggan and Eddie Butler.

All five are convicted IRA bombers.

All five gave detailed statements in 1976 and 1977 that they had been involved in Guildford and Woolwich. Their confessions were supported by powerful scientific and circumstantial evidence. For instance, Brendan Dowd recalled two old men with carrier bags in the Horse and Groom pub, Guildford, when he planted the bombs there. There were two such men in the pub before the bombings, but neither had been mentioned in public. The bombs which went off in both pubs were of the same type used by the same men in other bombings before and after Guildford and Woolwich.

Even Sir Michael Havers QC, former Attorney general, accepted that these five men were involved in the Guildford and Woolwich bombings.

His problem was that he had already succesfully prosecuted four other people for the bombings: Gerard Conlon, Patrick Armstrong, Carole Richardson and Paul Hill. These four appealed - but the Court of Appeal under Lord Justice Roskill concluded that the four must have teamed up with the five men who had confessed.

Not a shred of evidence was produced to link the four convicted men with the five IRA bombers, nor that a huge team of eight could possibly have bombed the Horse and Groom.

Asked about the Guildford Four, IRA bomber Eddie Butler said: "I've never heard of them."

2). Why did Gerry Conlon, after he was convicted, tell senior bomb squad officers of the Met that he was in the IRA?

To help his father. The officers made it clear that if he told them about the IRA, it could help his father who had been arrested on other bomb charges (for which he was later, quite wrongly, convicted).

Conlon's statement to the police was a farce: a tissue of inventions and contradictions which didn't provide the police with a single piece of new information. The reason was simple. Conlon didn't have any information.

3). Why did the original Guildford Four confess?

Because they were terrified and battered into it. They explained this in detail at their trial, but the jury didn't believe them.

4). In the recent trial where three police officers were acquitted of fabricating evidence against the Guildford Four, was a single piece of new evidence adduced to justify their barristers' ridiculous claim, under the protection of court privilege, that Paddy Armstrong was guilty of the bombings?

None whatever. The only evidence against Armstrong were the confessions he'd made in 1974, confessions effectively ruled null and void by the freeing of the Guildford Four in 1989.

5). Did Armstrong refuse to give evidence in the recent trial? Not at all. He was not called by the prosecution.

6). Why was the trial of the police officers so long delayed? Because leading prosecution and defence counsel were caught up in the case of Plasser, involving alleged bribery at British Rail, and so managed to get the Guildford trial postponed by seven months.

The Plasser case, incidentally, collapsed almost immediately.

7). Why is there such universal smearing of the innocent Guildford Four by the legal establishment, the police and the gutter press?

Because top judges, barristers, politicans and police can't bear the fact that gross errors in the system have been so blatantly exposed.

Questions we can't answer

1). Why was so much **vital** evidence for the Guildford Four not disclosed to their lawyers by the prosecution? In particular why did Michael Hill QC and the other prosecution lawyers not pass on to the defence a vital witness who supported a cast-iron alibi for Gerry Conlon?

2). Why has no one in the Crown Prosecution Service been brought to book for perverting the course of justice by not disclosing vital evidence either in the Guldford case or, even more monstrously, in the case of Judith Ward?

3). Why have the forensic officers whose false evidence was so exposed in the Judith Ward judgement - and who also featured in the Guildford Four and the Maguire case - not been brought to justice?

4). Will the habit of using the prosecution of police officers to smear innocent people not on trial be continued in the forthcoming cases of policemen charged with various offences connected with the Birmingham Six and the Tottenham Three?

Bankers PART II

IN THE last *Eye* we reported on an apparent conflict of interest at the American Express Bank (AEB) in London in its foreign exchange dealing operations on behalf of its investment clients.

The Bank of England was asked to investigate the allegations, which have been taken up by three MPs and emanate from a former fund manager at AEB, 33-year-old Evan Souliotis. He was asked to leave after expressing concern over the fairness and integrity with which investors in the AEB International Currency Fund were treated within the organisation.

After Mr Souliotis left the bank, he brought the matter to the attention of its head office in New York. He wrote: "I am writing to inform you of a situation which jeopardises the quality and integrity of the fund as well as the company's reputation with others in the business community. My attempts to maintain the company's fiduciary responsibility have resulted in my receiving notification that my contract has been terminated."

For the next few months the bank stonewalled him, insisting it would investigate his claims but finally saying that the "result has been to find that your allegations are wholly ill-founded."

Mr Souliotis then approached the Securities and Futures Authority (SFA), and subsequently tried the Bank of England. How did it respond to serious allegations concerning an international bank? We quote from a report on the Bank's attitude made by Mr Souliotis's solicitors, Wedlake Bell, documenting a conversation with the Bank on 5 September 1991, after the Bank had met two senior Amex officials, managing director William Blomquist and his deputy Sandy Duncan.

"...it was explained to us in those conversations, that the Bank of England had approached the issues raised by Souliotis as a complaint made by a disgruntled ex-employee, and had taken on faith the validity of assertions of fact. The Bank had concluded its investigations and decided to take no further action."

As Mr Souliotis said: "They reached these conclusions without even having given me an invitation to come and meet them nor ever having had any direct contact with me."

In another letter, Clifford Smout, manager of the Bank of England's banking supervision department, stated: "I think we all accept the existence of such abuses is difficult to prove or disprove in a fast moving area such as the foreign exchange market." Which drew the following response from Wedlake Bell: "The fact that physical evidence is hard to come by is in itself a systemic problem requiring the Bank's attention... these problems result in a severe conflict of interest between Amex and the investor."

In support of Mr Souliotis, Austin Mitchell, the Labour MP for Grimsby, wrote to Eddie George, head of the Bank of England, and received the following response. We quote: "...the point at issue surely is whether this particular activity — discretionary spot foreign currency management — should be brought within the ambit of the financial services act ... the 'right' price for any particular transaction is difficult to define with much precision in the foreign exchange market and it would be singularly difficult to frame very meaningful rules for 'best execution' in relation to discretionary currency management.

The Amex question, he said, placed him in some difficulty. He assured Mr Mitchell that the information provided by Mr Souliotis had been extensively investigated over the last 21 months, but that "with the best will in the world I do not see how any regulator can, as a practical matter, discuss publicly the action taken in any particular case, nor how, if he did so in one instance, he could decline to do so in others. We are of course, in any event subject to the confidentiality provisions of the banking act which, however irritating they may be on occasion are clearly there for an important purpose. I can perfectly well understand that you may think that, in this instance, this leaves us in a position where we are not accountable for the way in which we are carrying out duties under the banking act, but I do not see any immediate way in which this dilemma can be resolved."

As Austin Mitchell told the *Eye* more succinctly: "The only solution to the situation is to separate the dealing and the trading operations so that the clients can't be rooked. Unless they do this no amount of investigation will do any good at all."

SHIPPING

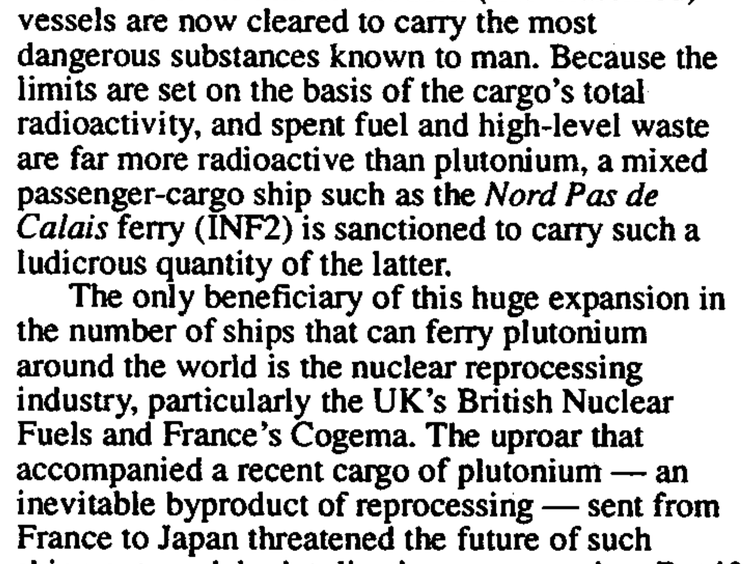
THE International Maritime Organisation, supposedly the arbiter of safe practices on the high seas, has taken a strange view of its responsibility in respect of the shipment of lethal nuclear materials.

A draft code approved by the IMO conference in London at the end of last month will effectively permit a Dover-Calais ferry to carry more than 500 tonnes of weapons-grade plutonium — more than the entire worldwide inventory of the material.

The manner in which this came about is disturbing. A joint working party of the IMO and the International Atomic Energy Agency put forward a *Draft Code for the Safe Carriage of Irradiated Nuclear Fuel in Flasks Aboard Ships* in December, and the document was circulated for discussion. But when the working party reconvened from 26-30 April — less than a month before the IMO conference was asked to approve the draft — it extended the code to cover the transportation of plutonium and high-level radioactive waste.

The result is that all modern (INF classified) vessels are now cleared to carry the most dangerous substances known to man. Because the limits are set on the basis of the cargo's total radioactivity, and spent fuel and high-level waste are far more radioactive than plutonium, a mixed passenger-cargo ship such as the *Nord Pas de Calais* ferry (INF2) is sanctioned to carry such a ludicrous quantity of the latter.

The only beneficiary of this huge expansion in the number of ships that can ferry plutonium around the world is the nuclear reprocessing industry, particularly the UK's British Nuclear Fuels and France's Cogema. The uproar that accompanied a recent cargo of plutonium — an inevitable byproduct of reprocessing — sent from France to Japan threatened the future of such shipments and, by implication, reprocessing. But if plutonium can be returned to its point of origin on any convenient passenger ship, it will be far harder for objectors to monitor the cargoes and stage effective protests. The fact that the IMO/IAEA working party was chaired by Clive Young, a senior UK transport department official, was doubtless sheer coincidence.



"Well, I suppose a tree up a cat makes a nice change"

Letters

Contemptuous review

Sir,

Your account (7 May) of my libel action against the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW *was a little off-target. The magazine printed an article that was, to put it mildly, grotesquely inaccurate, as its author subsequently conceded, and for which she apologised to me by letter. For reasons that I don't understand, and the court will doubtless determine, the magazine deleted her apology when it printed my reply to the article. Accordingly the magazine's readership might easily have concluded that the offending item had not been the subject of a complaint, a retraction and an apology. Having given the magazine every opportunity to put the matter right, it declined to do so, thereby prompting the litigation.*

Yours faithfully,
RUPERT ALLASON,

London SW10.

Taking the biscuit

Sir,

I spotted your article about Mike Love, Hartley Booth MP and Lord Tebbit in HP Sauce (7 May). As a councillor in Finchley I am certainly not aware of any strife, and the scenario that you paint does not stand up to even wafer thin examination.

Firstly the invitation to Lord Tebbit was made with Hartley Booth's knowledge and indeed according to the advertising blurb for the meeting, Hartley will be moving the vote of thanks.

Finchley has also played host to speakers who are as pro-Europe as Lord Tebbit is anti-Europe. Members want to be informed about both sides of the argument!!

Secondly, along with many London boroughs, Barnet will shortly be the subject of a boundary review and is expected to lose one seat. All seats will be up for reselection and anyone able to apply.

Yours faithfully,
Coun BRIAN SALINGER,

London Borough of Barnet.

Doubled-up

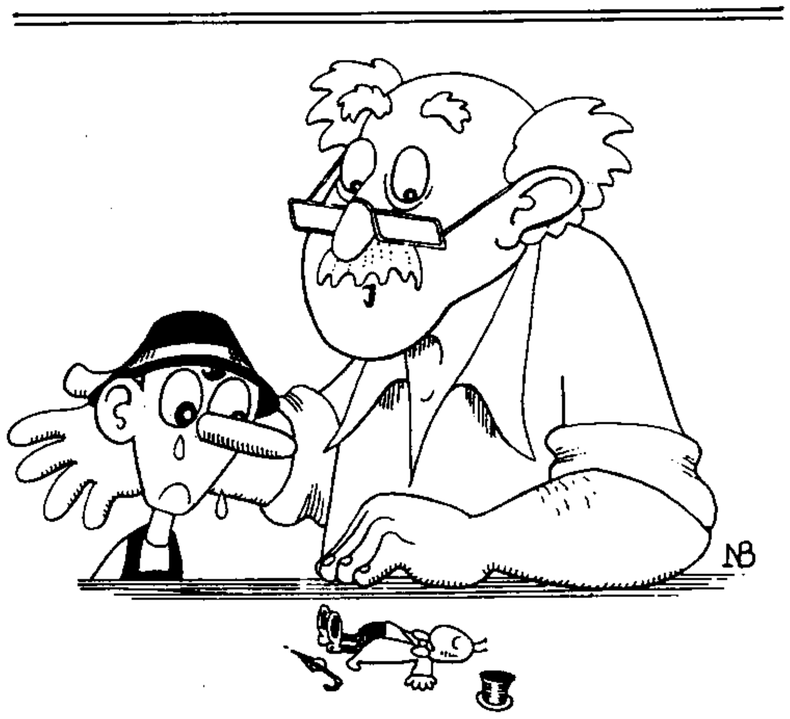
Sir,

*You got in a muddle (*EYE *820).*

North Western regional health authority has two health information helplines: 0800 665544 and 0345 678888. The single number you gave in Doing the Rounds combined elements of the two.

Yours sincerely,
LINDSEY DYER,

Director, Patients' Advice Bureau, North Western Regional Health Authority.



"Don't be upset, Pinocchio — he was only a one-day cricket"

Deeply dippy

Sir,

It's good to see the old traditions maintained at the EYE. *New Muckspreader is already demonstrating that he is just as technically illiterate as his predecessor.*

In EYE *820 he complains that MAFF refuse to recommend the use of a "safer alternative" to the current organo-phosphate based sheep dips. This alternative, BHC (aka Lindane), has been mentioned in several previous* EYE*'s as a potential cause of serious illness due to its use in timber treatment.*

New Muck's comments are not likely to go down well with Friends of the Earth either, since unlike the OPs, BHC is highly persistent and extremely toxic to a wide range of non target species.

In this case it appears Gummer [RIP] and the lads at Whitehall Place might be right!

Yours sincerely,
D. TAYLOR,

Brixham, Devon.

Ure a one!

Sir,

*The I-Spy newspaper cutting (*EYE *820) which poses the question "With which group did Midge Ure have his first number one hit in 1976?" and requests answers to "Ultravox competition" is not as absurd as its inclusion in the* EYE *suggests.*

The answer to the question is NOT *Ultravox, but Slik, a talentless teeny-bopper band formed by Ure, complete with trendy haircut and baggy trousers. These one-hit wonders topped the charts with "For Ever and Ever", a mess of a record with church organs backing up sombre half-spoken verses and punctuated with an irritatingly catchy chorus (come to think of it, very much the Ultravox formula).*

Indeed, Ultravox never made it to number one, their epic masterpiece "Vienna" being held off top spot by another true pop classic: Joe Dolce's "Shaddapa Ya Face". Unless one rather generously permits Ure to include his contribution in writing and (in some backroom capacity) performing on Band Aid's "Do They Know It's Christmas?", he shares the distinction with Joe Dolce of managing just one completely crap number one record. However, no doubt this major pop icon would simply insist, "It means nothing to me."

Yours,
TONY KINSELLA,

Manchester.

Backside

Sir,

*It is possible to agree with Piloti's good opinion of Bankside power station (*EYE *820) without accepting his conclusion that the building should be preserved.*

Firstly, it can hardly be adapted for any new use without wrecking its character. Turbines, boilers and sub-stations don't need much fenestration, so this is minimal. To add the windows that new uses would require would seriously damage the character that Piloti would defend. Adaptations generally would be awkward and disproportionately expensive. Many attempts have been made to find a new use for the building, but I am aware of none that is remotely practicable.

Secondly, the building is remarkable for being at least as depressing as it is beautiful — I would say more so. It casts a mighty gloom over a major area of central London. It is "transcendental" all right — but in a downward direction.

Thirdly, if you like this sort of thing you can always have a look at Scott's Salvation Army training college in nearby Denmark Hill. Really keen fans could sign up for a course there.

Yours faithfully,
LAWRENCE HANSEN,

Director, The Southwark Environment Trust, London SE15.

Power cut

Sir,

Thank you for your excellent Nooks and Corners on Bankside power station. What a perfect description of Southwark borough council. Lucky for them that soon not many of us will understand "philistine myopia" anyway, now that they have shut most of our libraries.

Yours faithfully,
THE SULLEN POPULACE,

Southwark, SE1.

Sex crimes

Sir,

Your Doing the Rounds report (21 May) on the use of amniocentesis to detect fetal sex seemed to draw a worrying conclusion.

Are you suggesting that seeking out and destroying a baby is unacceptable if it is done on the grounds of sex, but acceptable if it is done because of the presence of a disability?

Such a eugenic philosophy is, needless to say, highly offensive to people like me who have severe disabilities. I was born with spina bifida, and babies who would otherwise grow up to be like me are usually now detected by amniocentesis and aborted.

Can I infer from your report that you believe this fatal discrimination is a reasonable response to the challenges of disability? If not, I think you should set the record straight.

Yours faithfully,
ALISON DAVIS,

Blandford Forum, Dorset.

Lookalike

Portillo

Black Guardian

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the extraordinary similarity between Mr Michael Portillo, chief secretary to the treasury, and Doctor Who's adversary The Black Guardian, "He Who Walks In Darkness"?

Does Mr Portillo want to destroy the universe too, I wonder?

Yours etc.
FRANK DANES,

Kingston, Surrey.

School of thought

Sir,

It is nice to see that you have given that Paul Foot an honest job. Being a keen reader of his work it also saves me the embarrassment of being seen buying the DAILY MIRROR *when collecting my copy of* FIESTA. *However, I feel I must take issue with him on one small point in his first article.*

Comparing the Thatcher education revolution to Dickens's Mr Gradgrind from HARD TIMES *is totally unfair. Mr Gradgrind was a man who was highly principled and who acted for children in the way he thought best, even though he was totally wrong. On being shown the error of his ways at least he had the decency to put right the things that he had so seriously fouled up.*

No one could ever accuse the Tories of doing that.

Sincerely,
STEPHEN NEVILLE,

Warley, West Midlands.

I-SPY

Submitted by H. Murad. *£10 paid for similar submissions. (SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Waxing literal

Sir,

*Cyril Howard (*EYE *820) has got it wrong, in his correction of Julian Spalding (*EYE *819).*

"Hanukah" is a Jewish religious festival during which candles are lit on an eight-branched candlestick called a "hanukiah". The "menorah" was the seven-branched candlestick used in the Tabernacle and then subsequently the Temple.

Yours sincerely,
GERSHON COHEN,

London NW7.

First Footing

Sir,

Something rather unpleasant happens to male journalists as they stagger towards impotent senility: to keep their beer guts company they sprout gnarled prejudices like the ugly protuberances on ancient trees.

A deeply unpleasant bigotry towards Roman Catholics was the intolerant thought for the day dished up (lukewarm and over cooked) by your new columnist, Paul Foot. Long past his sell-by date (he even sports a quite disgusting greying Beatle haircut — ugh!) Footling is obviously going cheap after his heroic departure from the MIRROR. *So why should* PRIVATE EYE *have bought up this ancient workhorse at the old knacker's auction? Sentimentality?*

Interested in education matters as I am, I ploughed through Footling's turgid "exposé" and discovered that the menopausal old bigot's main objection to the government's education plans is that some of the policy-makers are Roman Catholics. In fact, Foot infers — frothing with hysterical moral indignation — that policy making is dominated by Catholics: John Patten is one, so is John Marenbon and so is Anthony Peligrini. John Burn and Lord Griffiths are described as "religious fanatics", so pace the Footling conspiracy theory, they're probably closet RCs.

Just try replacing Catholic/Catholicism with Jew/Judaism, or Muslim/Islamic and I think you might just grasp how diseased the old Foot has become.

Yours sincerely,
ANNE SAUNDERS,

Winchester, Hants.

One Foot in the grave

Sir,

Boring! Boring! Boring!

Excuse me if I nod off while writing this. Paul Foot is employed (yawn). No doubt somebody assumed Mr Foot's words deserved to be published, his thoughts shared with your readership, his generous wit (yawn) enjoyed with your circulation — well, EXCUSE ME, what a turn-off!!! Just when I thought the great champion of the unemployed (sic) had finally and deservedly joined their ranks, PRIVATE EYE *decided to halve their readership by employing him — 2 PAGES!!! zzzzz...*

Yours faithfully,
JON "PIT BULL" JORDEN,

Well End, Herts.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Once again Damon Hill is modest in defeat."
MURRAY WALKER, BBC2
(Tom Keeling)

"Winning doesn't really matter as long as you win."
VINNY JONES, Radio 1
(Kathryn Hadler)

Woman in audience: *When I told my mother, she didn't speak to me for two years.*
Kilroy Silk: *Really? What did she say?*
Woman: *Nothing.*
KILROY, ITV
(Joe Perkins)

"I know I've got the power and technology to beat him [Lennox Lewis]."
FRANK BRUNO, BBC1
(M.L. Allsop)

"And tonight, Coltrane in a Cadillac, which is basically Robbie Coltrane in an open-top Buick."
SIMON BATES, Radio 1
(Susan West)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

Letter from **Baghdad**

from Our Own Correspondent

THE soft burble of French voices in the coffee shop of Baghdad's Al Rasheed Hotel, which was hit by an American cruise missile just three months ago, is the first clue. That and the expensive scent of the chic secretaries, wives or mistresses accompanying the Pierre Cardin-suited executives, the first whiff of what was afoot. The French are back, in numbers, in Iraq.

In spite of the UN economic sanctions and despite the French armed forces role in pulverising Iraq during the Gulf war, "business is business" is now the watchword for French entrepreneurs and, more surprisingly, for the new French government in its dealings with our beloved president, Saddam Hussein.

Most of the Gauls turning up their noses at the limited menu in the Al-Rasheed — food is in short supply and frighteningly expensive here — were from the French oil companies Total and Elf-Acquitaine. Their mission: the exploitation of two new Iraqi oilfields at Majnoun near the Iranian border.

These finds are large enough to push us into the enviable position of having the second largest recoverable oil reserves in the world after Saudi Arabia. And despite the supposed "iron vice" of UN sanctions, the French are here, secretly to gain pole position for a joint venture Franco-Iraqi development of the fields.

The executives and their concubines have taken a Trappist vow of silence about their mission here. One *super nana* with Charlie's Angels hair, micro miniskirt and stilletos claimed she was off to Karbala to visit the incomparable mosque there — world centre of the Shi-ite branch of Islam!

French ambivalence about Saddam Hussein's regime goes back a long way. Saddam already owes the French more than $5 billion for deals done long ago, and his best European pal has always been Jacques Chirac, now reinstalled as the power behind the new French government.

In 1976 Chirac made a stately visit here. The next year our president returned the doubtful favour. When Chirac, no doubt as part of the normal diplomatic hogwash, said he had really enjoyed the ugly black oleaginous Tigris fish, Saddam was so keen to please that he sent his private jet back to pick up a ton and a half of the stuff. The chefs at the Hotel Marigny in Paris complained that the kitchens and lobbies stank for weeks afterwards!

It was on that visit that Saddam became hooked on the big nuclear fish — and the rest, as they say, is history.

Which is what the rest of us here are fast becoming. Having been bombed back to the last century we are now being redeveloped by the economy blockade. Never mind, say local wags. If we are driven backwards far enough we'll eventually reach the Mesopotamian golden age, and Nebuchadnezzar will come riding over the hill. For now, we must make do with the stage version.

People say our population is 36 million now. 18 million Iraqis and 18 million billboards of Saddam Hussein. Here atop a white charger, there kneeling in newly pious supplication, everywhere in a bewildering array of costumes. His uniforms and medals range from the vulgar to the simply ridiculous. His headgear is growing ever more exotic. For some reason he has begun to sport a broad brimmed straw sombrero in recent portraits, and latterly a green woollen Nehru style hat with natty matching cardigan.

One thing all the billboards have in common is Saddam's broad grin. And smile he might. He's back in charge now, the uprising called for by the "allies" has been crushed as only the Iraqi Ba'ath know how, and as the French corporate avant garde shows, western greed will soon consign the sanctions to the dustbin of history. Where they will of course join those who ranged against us: Bush and Thatcher are gone, Mitterrand will soon depart the Elysée, his government broken like a reed, his premier blowing his brains out down by the river.

Turkish potentate Turgut Ozal has gone to hell, our newspapers declared upon his demise last month. Soon the last man still standing will be the "light of the Arabs", the butcher of Baghdad, the Mother of All Bastards, Saddam Hussein. It's strange how the new world "odour" smells so much like the last.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

o A MAN who thought the NHS sex change waiting list was too long decided to perform the operation himself in a quiet West Country lane. In the privacy of his pink three-wheeler car, he severed his penis with a Stanley knife and threw it into a hedge.

Dressed in tights, high heels and a mini skirt, and bleeding profusely after his DIY amputation, he was found by Shirley Spurr of Chilworthy, who called an ambulance. "I'm not easily shocked because I lived in Uganda under Amin, but frankly it was a bit surprising. You don't expect this sort of thing in such a quiet part of North Devon," she said.

The penis was retrieved by a farmer, packed in ice, and rushed to North Devon District Hospital, together with its owner. A spokesman said the man's condition was "comfortable". There are no plans to reunite the separated couple. *(Western Morning News, 16/2/93. Spotter – Denzil Tregunethan)*

— o —

o NORMAN Keith Hireme, a worker at the Tegel Poultry Plant who used a chicken as an offensive weapon, was fined $50 after being found guilty of cruelty.

"Mr Hireme took a live chicken, pointed the bird's rear at fellow workers, and squeezed it with such force that excrement shot several metres and struck a colleague in the face," RSPCA worker Jim Boyd told a New Plymouth District Court. "He repeated this several times before replacing it on the conveyor belt, where it was electrically stunned and slaughtered a few seconds later. Considerable force has to be used to fire excrement such a great distance. Never mind about the employees, it must have been most unpleasant for the chicken." *(Wellington Evening Post, 29/4/93. Spotter — Daniel R. Cross)*

— o —

o *"IT WAS disgusting," said a deeply shocked Camber couple. "We borrowed a camcorder and tape from a neighbour to record their wedding. As we played the recording back at home, all of a sudden we found ourselves watching vile scenes of bestiality and filth."*

RSPCA inspectors and police later called on a Camber home, and arrested a man in connection with an offence involving a terrier dog. The dog has not been located. (Rye & Battle Observer, 2/4/93. Spotter — Clive Chizlett)

— o —

o A GOAT was held in jail for two days, after being accused of stealing $2 belonging to a fruit seller. "While my back was turned, the thieving animal dipped its head into my bag and ran away with the cash," said the woman, who did not wish to be identified. She made a citizen's arrest on the goat, but by then it had eaten the money, so she had it imprisoned by police at Kilgoris, west of Nairobi. Its owner eventually refunded the money, and charges were dropped. *(Toronto Sun, 23/3/93. Spotter — Lorna Murray)*

— o —

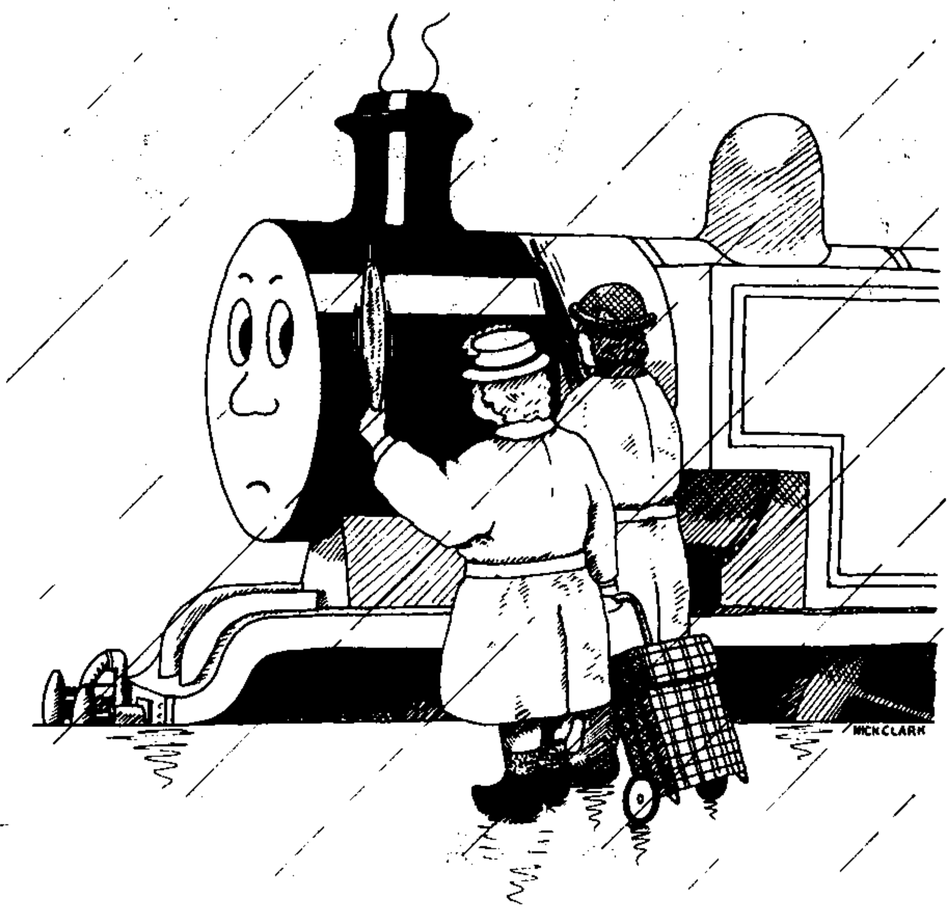
o *ERIC and Karl Ludolter, a pair of Siamese twins who are joined at the chest, have been charged with assault after attacking each other in a bar in South Africa. Karl blamed Eric for having drunk too much.* (Derby Evening Telegraph, 21/4/93. Spotter — D. Wright)

Victor Lewis-Smith

THOMAS

THE PRIVATISED TANK ENGINE

Thomas and the Guarantee



BERTIE the Deregulated Bus was almost in tears when Thomas arrived at his branch line terminus one evening.

"I'm going to the scrap heap," he wailed. "The county council has withdrawn my subsidy."

"Well, what else would you expect from a tax-capped Red Party council?" said Thomas. "The Blue Party, on the other hand, has said my subsidy is guaranteed, because I'm a socially necessary service."

"I was socially necessary," Bertie moaned as he left on his last service. "But now I'm going to the scrap heap."

Then Thomas noticed the Grey Controller and the Fat Controller talking in the shadows by the permanently-closed booking office, darting shifty glances at Thomas. Soon the Grey Controller sped away in his car, and the Fat Controller approached Thomas.

"For operational reasons, we're going to make some adjustments to the timetable," he said. "Your morning run into town will be 40 minutes later, arriving at 9.20."

"But that's long after my passengers start work," protested Thomas.

"Quiet, Thomas! Your evening run will leave town at 4.50 instead of 5.30. Understood?"

"But..."

"Good night, Thomas."

ALL the stations were deserted as Thomas puffed through the Monday morning drizzle. Only two old ladies going shopping climbed aboard, wet and furious because they weren't told of the timetable change.

Annie and Clarabel were empty on the evening return run. The two old ladies had clearly forgotten to consult timetable amendment supplement no. 1035/AS4-Q, and had missed the train.

The Grey Controller was waiting on the platform when Thomas arrived at the terminus. "Your subsidy shall be withdrawn," he said sternly.

"But you said subsidy would be guaranteed for socially necessary services."

"That is absolutely the case. But you are considerably not socially necessary. You were empty just now."

"But my timetable was changed..."

"It is entirely a matter for the Fat Controller how he chooses to run his railway or not."

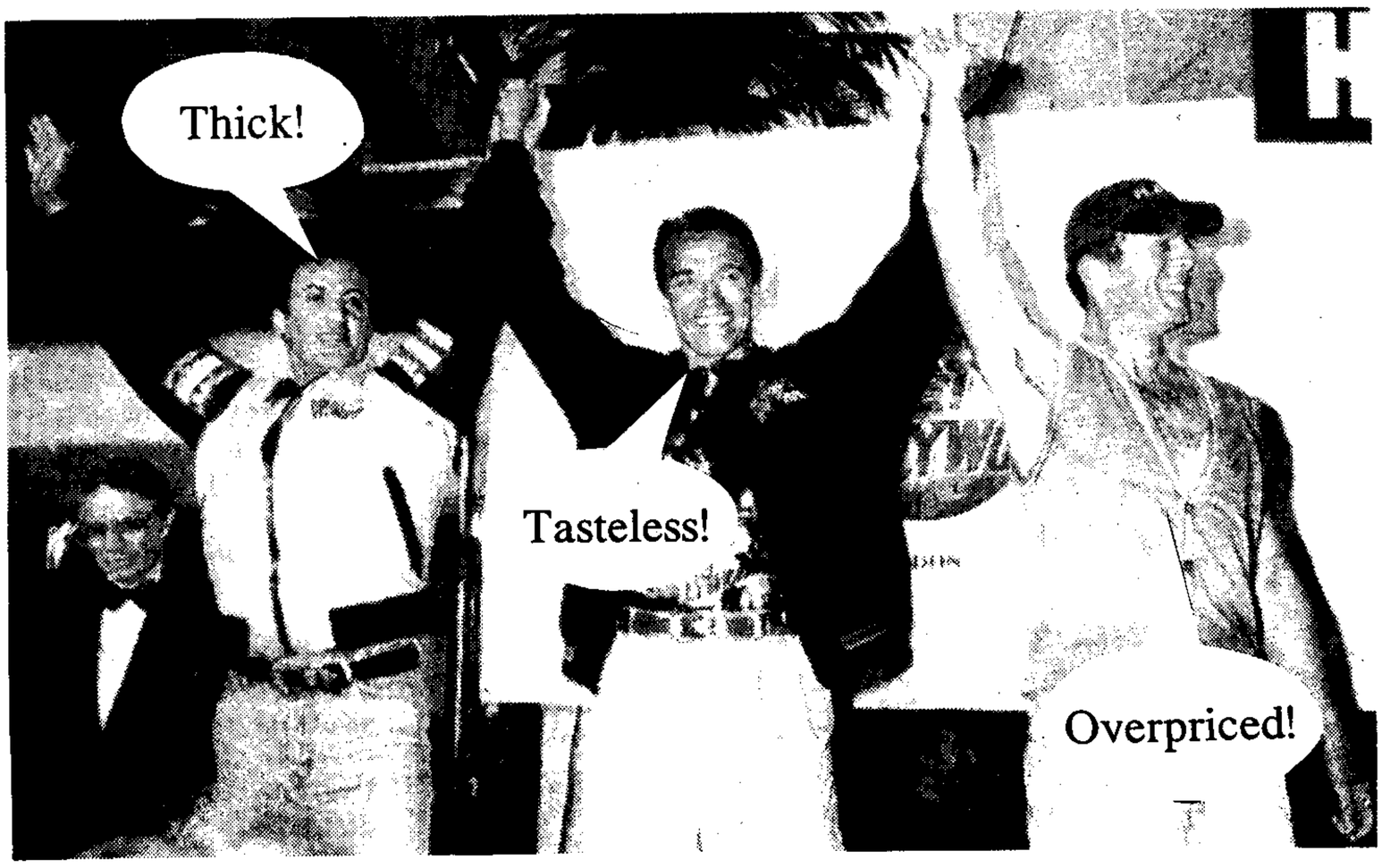
"So what do I do now?"

"You are going to the scrap heap, oh yes."

Thomas was almost in tears when the Grey Controller left in his car.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

STUPID BURGERS!



THAT HISTORIC BOSNIAN PEACE PLAN IN FULL

(as signed by the USA, Russia and the EEC)

1. The Serbs can do whatever they like.

2. Er...

3. That's it.

Lord Gnome Anniversary Special

HOW BRITAIN WAS SAVED

by Our Wartime Staff
Convoy Cruise O'Brien

IT SEEMS impossible to believe but it is now fifty minutes since the dreaded U-Turn menace threatened to destroy the British Government.

And yet so it was. Packs of U-Turns stalked some of our finest shits *(shurely 'ships'? Ed)*, including HMS Major, HMS Lamont and the Frigate HMS Bottomless. You could never be sure when the U-Turns would claim another victim. Some were hit and went down with the loss of all jobs. Others survived to fight another day.

Yes, we will not remember them, as these heroic men and the occasional women found themselves in ever deeper water and tried to keep themselves afloat as the hundreds of U-Turns circled around waiting to destroy their political lives.

U-Vote-Lib-Dem

Who can forget the deadly Die Vatcockupf, Der Minenklosür, Das Taxenraisen? *(That's enough U-Turns, Ed.)*

In the end it was the courage and conviction of none of them which saved the day.

©*SundayPaperTrash*

Exclusive to Eye Readers

Gnome

FORTY YEARS OF THE QUEEN

Commemorative Offer

IT IS FORTY glorious years since
Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II was crowned
in Westminster and the hearts of millions of her subjects
went out to the young monarch.

And so again today we salute her with the Lord Gnome
celebratory plate, which can be yours for as little
as £99.95 (+p&p).

Hand-style-crafted by skilled Taiwanese potters, this porcelain-type memento will be a unique reminder of this historic occasion and will be treasured by your children, your step-children and the children of the person you live with for centuries to come!

NB. Due to reasons of commercial sensitivity, Lord Gnome has decided to put Princess Diana on the plate as, in his own words, "No one wants to see that miserable face staring up at you at breakfast."

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry,
While Monarchy Lasts!!

Send cash only at once to:
Gnome Royal Plate Offer
Box PO 789
Northern Cyprus.

Lines on the 40th Anniversary of the Accession of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth to the Throne

by Poet Laureate
Ted Hughesless

Old Hedgie.
Waits
By Motorway.
Wet tarmac glistens.
Cars roar.
Night.

Old Hedgie
Thinks about
Crossing.

Lights fade.
Silence.
Sound of rain
And wind in
Trees.

Old Hedgie
Makes a dash.

Engine guns.
Tyres screech.
Squelch.
Bloodied spikes in
Flattened flesh.
Crunched bones.

Old Hedgie
All washed
Up.

Happy Anniversary,
Ma'am.
(Will this do? T.H.)

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

Sir Norma Fowler is in a very bad mood these days. Today he told me that we would lose the by-election at Christchurch, which incidentally is not in New Zealand as it says on my Daily Telegraph World Leader Wall Map, but in Bournemouth.

"Nonsense," I told him. "Why should we lose? Miss Hogg tells me that everyone who lives there is over 65 and they are typical Conservative voters."

"That is the problem, prime minister," Sir Norma replied, with his teeth in a funny kind of clench. "Typical Conservative voters don't vote for you any more."

Quite frankly I thought this was very uncalled for, from a man who, if it was not for me, would be having to spend all his time with his family. In my judgement a lot of people called Norma are walking on very thin ice at the moment.

No sooner had I thought this very pertinent thought than there was a sound of breaking glass, and Mr Lamont jumped through the window dressed in a black balaclava and holding a pump-action water gun.

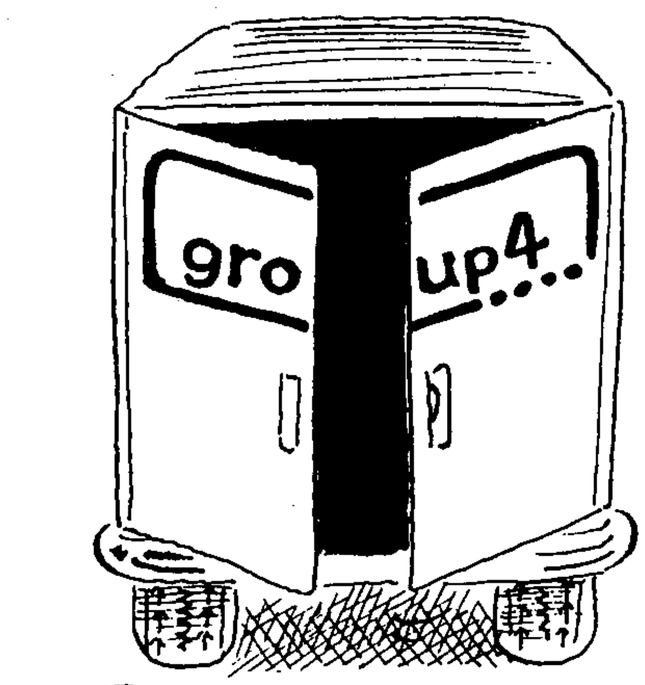
"If I go, you go with me!" he shouted in a funny slurred voice.

"Don't be silly, Norma," I said. "How many times have I gone on record to say that the very last thing I would ever do is to replace you with Mr Clarke?"

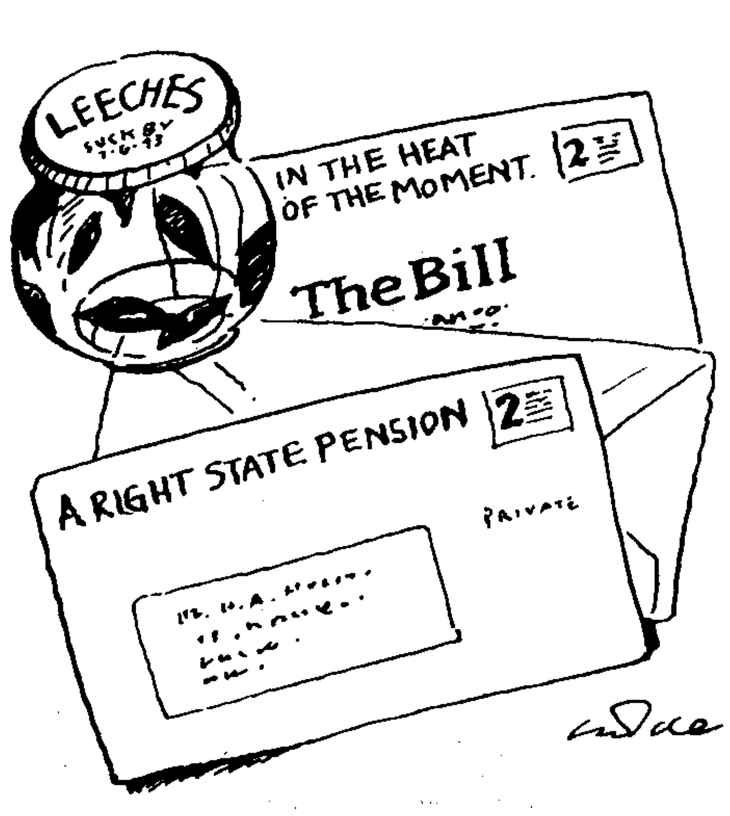
At that point Sir Norma gave a polite cough, and said that he had to go off to a non-executive board meeting of his company, Group 4, because a number of their vans had been hi-jacked by the prisoners they were carrying.

I then decided to give Mr Lamont one last chance to redeem himself as Chancellor. "What have you done to help us win the Christchurch by-election?" I asked him, in my very stern, about-to-do-a-reshuffle voice.

"Well, prime minister," he said, "I have put VAT on heating bills. I am



now planning to phase out the old age pension entitlement. And I'm going to make senior citizens pay for their prescriptions. All this will save us billions and we should win the by-election by a mile."



Tuesday

This morning we had a brain-storming session round the Cabinet table. I began by reminding them all that my Government's greatest achievement was that we had not put up income tax, and that we were the first Government to have done this since the departure of the woman whose name I have said I will never mention again, i.e. Mrs Thatcher.

"But," I warned them, "we have a not inconsiderable problem in that we are in debt by £50 billion. What I want you all to tell me are your ideas for how to raise some money."

Mr Lamont, who for some reason was dressed in a gorilla suit, put up his paw and said, "We could always put up income tax by 60p, prime minister. Then we'd be rich, rich, rich!"

There was an embarrassed silence. Then Mr Portfolio said that he had a lot of brilliant ideas, but he would have to be Chancellor before he could put them into operation.

"But I already have a Chancellor," I told him firmly, "It is Mr Clarke." Whoops! I nearly let the cat out of the bag that time! Fortunately Norma did not hear me, as he had slid under the table.

Then everyone else chipped in with more brilliant ideas. Mr MacGregor, who is rather like my old maths teacher, who helped me to get my "O" Level, said that he was going to raise billions by making motorists pay £10 a mile to travel on motorways. Mr Lilley then said he could raise even more billions by abolishing unemployment benefit. Mrs Bottomley said that she could double that, by charging people £30 an hour for staying in a hospital bed, and £50 for a visit to your local GP. At this point Mr Waldegrave, who had come in with his tray, handed round the coffee except to Mr Lamont, who got just a glass of water and a little white pill marked "Cyanide".

"Does this mean you want me to go out with a bang?" he asked, giving Mrs Bottomley a rather odd look.

"No, no," I said. "If I was going to sack you, I give you my solemn word I would tell the papers first."

Wednesday

Today I can forget all about politics, because my wife Norman reminds me that we have been invited to a party! It is for Mr Portfolio's 40th birthday, and it is at a Spanish restaurant called Eldorado's. Norman told me that there would be lots of celebrities there, who it would be good for my image to be seen with.

"Oh yes," I said. "You mean people more famous than me?"

"Yes, everybody," she said, giving me one of her funny looks. "There will be Clive Anderson, who is on the television. And Charles Moore, who is also on the television, though not so often these days. Oh, and a real megastar who is going to be the guest of honour — Lady Thatcher."

I suddenly remembered that I could not after all go to any parties this evening, as I had a very important reshuffle to work on, in which some people — i.e. Mr Portfolio — would not be promoted at all. Oh no.

Thursday

Today is a very historic day. It is my first reshuffle and my big chance to present a completely different Cabinet team. If this doesn't win us the Christchurch by-election then my name's not John Gummer. The big shock, which will really surprise everyone, is that I have decided to sack

my old friend Norma Lamont. Up till yesterday I genuinely believed that he was the best man for the job, since he had always done everything I told him to. But I now realise that everything that has gone wrong with this government is his fault and he will have to go.

I am going to give his job to my new friend Mr Clarke, who has really been making a name for himself recently by telling everyone what a good chancellor Norma Lamont has been. Although not as good as he would be. Naturally this has left a big hole at the Home Office where Mr Clarke used to work, so I have got to think of someone to fill his place. I had a brilliant idea how to do this. I wrote some names on pieces of paper, folded them up, muddled them all together so I wouldn't know which one was which, closed my eyes and then picked them out one by one.

The first name was Mr Howard, so he got Mr Clarke's job. Then it was easy, because each time I opened a new name, the person got the job that was vacant. It was just like musical chairs, but without the music. When I had finished I couldn't help thinking that I would miss my old friend Norma, who after all had got me my job in the first place. And now he has lost his.

Friday

My former friend Norma Lamont and I have had a friendly meeting via the fax machine to discuss his sad dismissal from my Cabinet. I asked him not to go round telling lies about me. He very courteously replied, saying: "Of course not, John, you bastard. I will be telling the *truth* about you."

This cheered me up immensely and I was now in no small measure convinced that I had chosen the right man to take the blame.

Mr Clarke today moved into Number Eleven but for some reason all his furniture was delivered to my house at Number Ten.

When I asked him why he did this, he gave me a funny smile and said he had never been much good at figures. Then he asked me if he could leave the furniture where it was as it would save him having to move it all again in a few months' time.

DROPPING THE PILOT.

Sound Bites

Quotes of the Week

■ It's a very English event in many ways.
Organiser, Chelsea Flower Show

■ I have no comment to make at the moment.
Norman Lamont

■ There are a number of questions unanswered.
Leader in Daily Telegraph on Supergun Affair

■ There have been a lot of cards for the Queen Mother.
Mrs Miriam Peabody, Hospital spokesman, Aberdeen Royal Infirmary

■ I would rather the series had continued.
Actress Denise Waterford — Stella Grimble in Eldorado

When the birth of their sextuplets, 11 months premature, was announced from St James' Hospital, Leeds, nobody suspected the parents' unorthodox way of life.

Today

Queen Elizabeth's private life was finally sucked into Britain's Royal rumour mill today when a newspaper reported she had been locked into a loverless marriage with Prince Philip for 45 years.

Kenyan Daily Nation

The first Briton in space was a woman, Helen Sharman, picked from a handful of male hopefuls.

Daily Mirror

KNEE vs COHEN COURTROOM DRAMA LATEST

by **E.I. Erewego**, Our Man In The Press Gallery With A Can Of High-Cal Coke And A Colonel Sanders Combination Special With Peppermint-Flavoured Nachos And Extra Onion Rings

THE SOCCER world was rocked to its foundations yesterday when Ron Knee, the manager and chief executive of Neasden Football Club, remained tight lipped about the attempts by his chairman, Brig. Sir Buffy Cohen, to force him to leave the club.

On the second day of the trial, which is seen as soccer's most bitter ever dispute, Ron Knee, 57, told the court: "I have nothing to say at the moment, Your Honour, but rest assured, once I hear how Cohen is going to fit me up with lots of stories about me making a bomb out of dodgy transfer deals, I shall change my plea to guilty and ask the court to take my previous good character into account."

Sugar Oaf

Sir Buffy, the launderama-to-extortion tycoon, made no direct comment on the allegations that he was, in Knee's words, "a power-crazed lunatic, who put a deranged greed for wealth before the good of the club". Instead the chairman's counsel, Sir William Huge-Fee QC, read from a prepared statement in which he explained that under the rule of the club executive body Mr Knee had no case — except the one with the money.

Tel Star

At this point, the fans (Sid & Doris Bonkers), who until then had been in good humour, occasionally winking at El Ron, Neasden's legendary Soccer Supremo, and passing him cans of lager, erupted. They broke free from their armed guards and, shouting "Go on, Cohen, make my day", attempted to lynch Sir Buffy from the roof with a number of club scarves tied together.

The hearing was adjourned.

LATE SCORE

Lea & Perrin Anglo-Dutch Challenge Vase

A.C. Neasden	0
E.V.S. Amstrad	6

(Tate 2, Lyle 1, Sweetex 1, Pevsner 2 [o.g.])

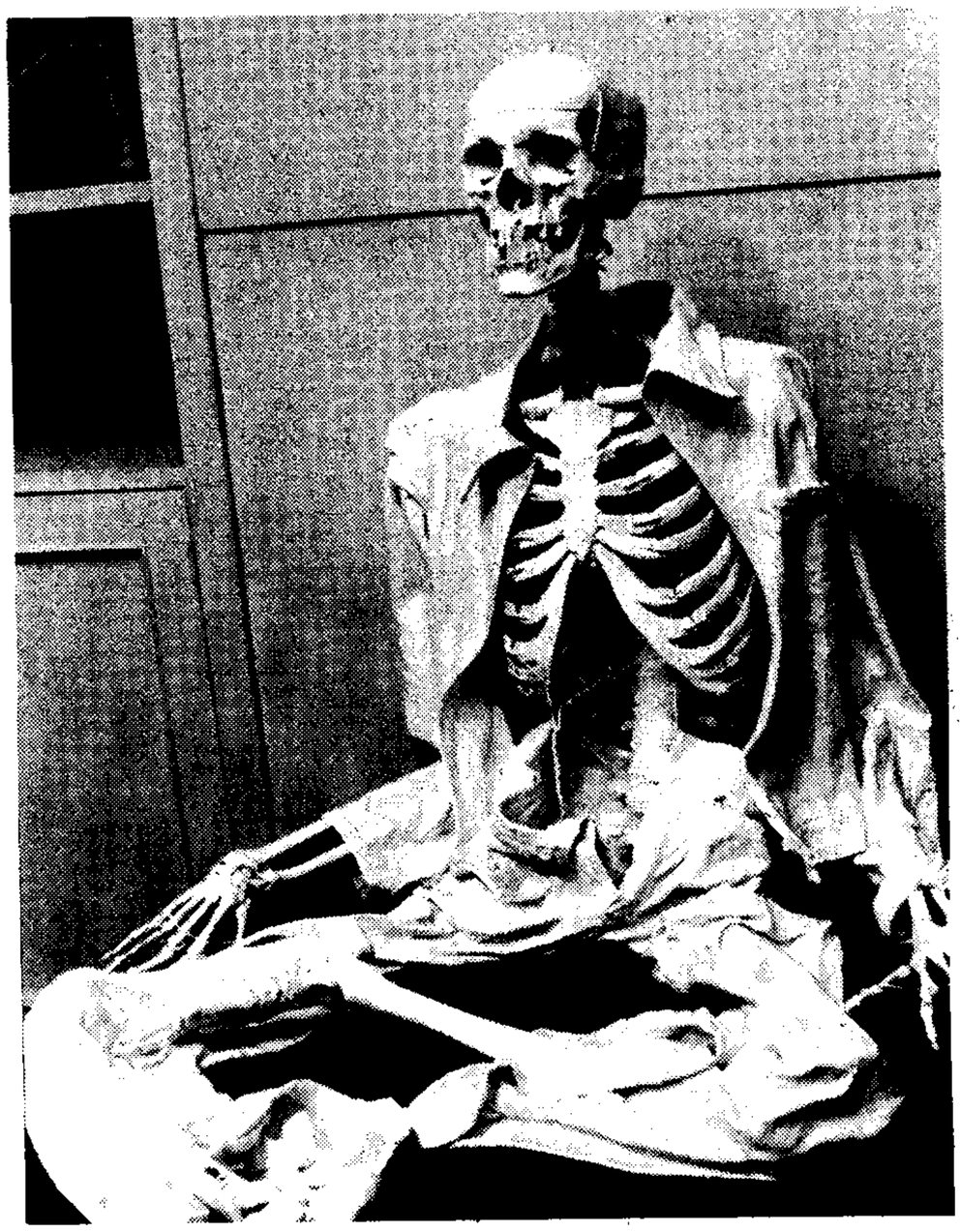
Yes! It's Classic-FM Rhyming Slang!

Classic-FM	**Same stuff again and again**
Rachmaninov	**He's never off**
Vivaldi	**Neither's he**
Pachebel	**Goes down well**
Turandot	**On a lot**
Pavarotti	**On a lotti**
Classic Hits	**Lots of short bits**
Wagner's Ring	**Not quite the thing**
Kiri Te Kanawa	**Awful lotta her**
Delibes' Lakmé	**Advert for BA**
Sir Michael Tippett	**No, let's skip it**
Henry Kelly	**He's on the telly**

(That's enough slang. Ed.)

IN THIS MONTH'S

VOGUE



KATE MOSS FASHION EXCLUSIVE

Thin models ● Thin excuses ● Thin stuff

Man wins harassment suit in European test case

by Our Office Affairs Staff
Anneka Rice-Davies

A LONDON man yesterday won a historic victory over his former employer who he claimed had continually harassed him over a period of ten years. He told the House of Commons: "I never liked her but she forced me to comply with her desires and do whatever she said. She wouldn't take no for an answer."

The man, known only as John, described a series of humiliating encounters when his boss, a married woman called Maggie, had "interfered" with him.

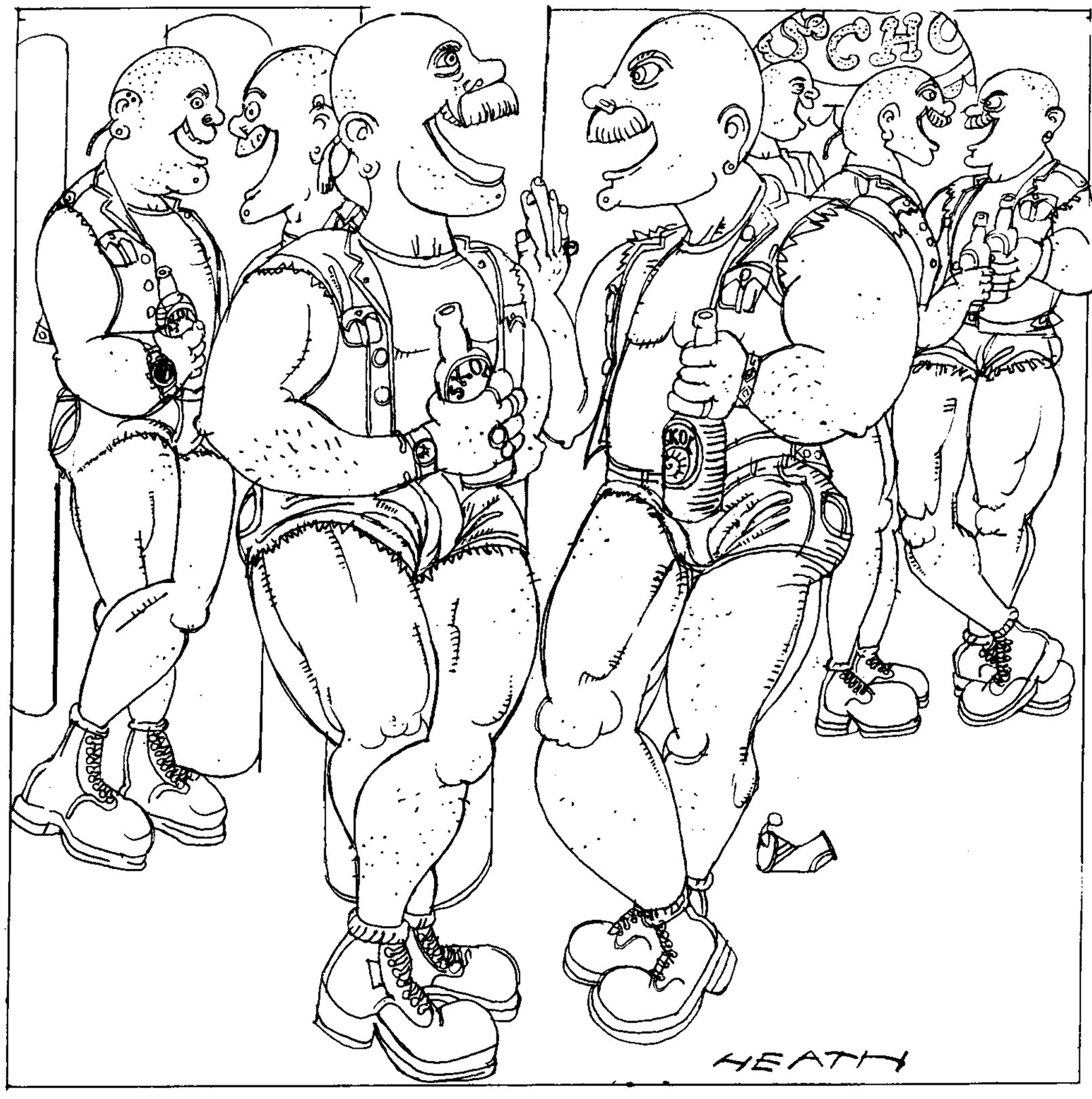
Ma Strict

She however denied all the charges. "He was infatuated with me," she said. "He was always at my feet or crawling all over me. I felt sorry for him, he was pathetic, and now I regret it. I can't believe that he's pretending that I coerced him. He did what he did voluntarily."

She continued, lashing out at reporters with her handbag: "Winning the Maastricht case proves nothing. If he thinks he's been harassed so far, then let me warn him I haven't started yet."

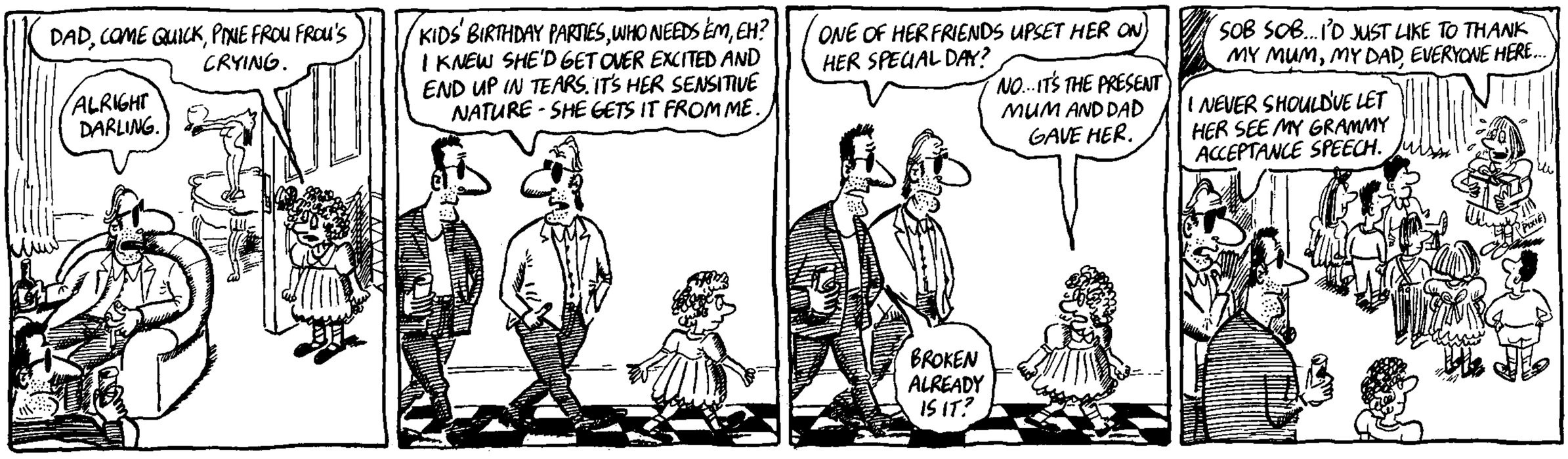
LEFT HANDED. 9 different Kack Nicklaus Irons, 3 Woods, Putter, Bag and Trolley. £150.

Midweek



Great Bores Of Today.

"... you go abroad and what do they want to know about? the Royal Family we were in Greece last year and all the locals were interested in was Charles and Diana how are you going to replace that? with Bill Clinton or someone having his haircut? why do you think the tourists come here? it's the colour the pageantry the magic it's theatre on a grand scale and you can't just invent that I wasn't even born at the coronation but you see those films of her and you realise how much things have changed in forty years and no other country has anything like it are we really going to throw it all away for some dreary republican idea? anyway I think they are worth every penny and considering the trouble she's had with her family and everything I think she's done remarkably well and it's not an easy job after all I would have had a national holiday or a street party we all need something to celebrate she's Taurus you know..."


DAD, COME QUICK, PIXIE FROU FROU'S CRYING.
ALRIGHT DARLING.
KIDS' BIRTHDAY PARTIES, WHO NEEDS 'EM, EH? I KNEW SHE'D GET OVER EXCITED AND END UP IN TEARS. IT'S HER SENSITIVE NATURE - SHE GETS IT FROM ME.
ONE OF HER FRIENDS UPSET HER ON HER SPECIAL DAY?
NO... IT'S THE PRESENT MUM AND DAD GAVE HER.
BROKEN ALREADY IS IT?
SOB SOB... I'D JUST LIKE TO THANK MY MUM, MY DAD, EVERYONE HERE...
I NEVER SHOULD'VE LET HER SEE MY GRAMMY ACCEPTANCE SPEECH.
PIXIE

ROW GROWS OVER SEXTUPLET MOTHER

by Our Nursery Rhyme Staff **Simple Simon Jenkins**

THE WOMAN at the centre of the nationwide sextuplets scandal was last night condemned by MPs of all parties as "totally unfit" to be a multiple parent.

The woman, who is quite old and lives in a shoe, was described as having "no idea what to do" by social workers handling her case.

Said one: "This situation should never have been allowed to happen, given that the woman in question is an ageing single parent outside a stable relationship but inside an item of footwear."

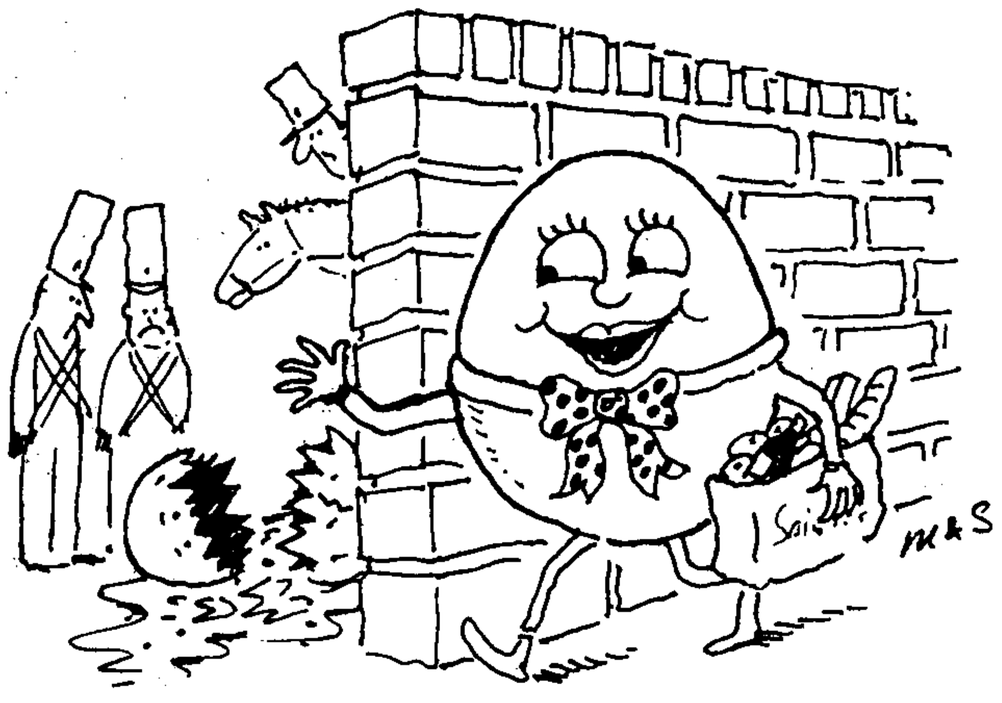
The father of the children, a Mr Georgie Porgie, is not married to the mother and lives miles away. Mr Porgie is known as "a bit of a lad" who has a history of kissing the girls, making them cry and then running away.

The affair has called into question the pioneering techniques of the Gloucester-based Dr Foster, and has focused attention on criteria for parents wishing to avail themselves of his fertility programme.

"We are wasting a huge amount of taxpayers' money," said leading newspaper columnist Mary Mary "Quite Contrary" Kenny. "Why should the old woman have all these children when there are much more pressing health issues in the community to be solved. When, for example, are they going to put Humpty Dumpty back together again? And when is the Crooked Man going to have his hip replacement? The whole thing is disgusting."

LATE NEWS

An old woman who is being treated for swallowing a fly condemned Government plans to make senior citizens pay for their own prescriptions. "I have to take a spider, a bird, a cat, a dog and a horse daily. If the NHS doesn't subsidise me, I can't possibly afford it." Her doctor commented: "It's extremely serious. She's swallowed a fly. Perhaps she'll die."



"Hi, Humpty, I'm home!"

Notes & Queries

QUESTION: I have been told recently that Keats was really a woman. Is it true?

☐THIS theory has been put forward recently by the brilliant American academic Barbara Stiffenburger in her definitive study *Sister Keats* (Winterson University Press, 1992). The evidence comes from a passage in a letter from the poet to his publisher Thomas Hadlow (19 December 1818) in which he refers mysteriously to an old friend called "Joanna" who he calls "as dear to me as mine own self". As Prof. Stiffenburger demonstrates convincingly, "Joanna" is none other than the repressed transsexual "John" yearning for recognition in the phallocentric world of 19th century letters. — *Hillary Brottweiler (companion to Prof. Stiffenburger), University of Winterson, Washington PC).*

QUESTION: Do snails dream?

☐THERE *is* evidence to suggest that, although the sleeping patterns of snails are different from those of humans, they do experience a period of increased neuro-sensory activity during what scientists recognise as their dormant phases. Experiments conducted in the Faculty of Snail Research at the University of Basildon (formerly Billericay Polytechnic) indicate that the common English snail (*Sluggus hortus sluggus*) dreams repeatedly about Sharon Stone *(shurely 'garden stones'? Ed). — Dr S. Cargo, University of Basildon*

QUESTION: Who invented the toilet roll?

☐I'M AFRAID that Maurice Wheen (Notes & Queries, 20 Jan) is mistaken in attributing this leap forward in hygiene technology to the German inventor Wolfgang Bumf (1837-69). Bumf certainly developed the roll in his paper factory at Scheizenhausen but the original design was patented by the Parisian *closethier* Monsieur Louis Pappier in 1788. The Pappier drawings can still be seen along with an early prototype of the roll in the Musée de Toilette, Andrex-en-Provence (open March-October, 2.00-3.00pm. Not Sundays). —*Jonathan Pitt-Kethley, Stevenage*

QUESTION: Where does the saying "'ee bah gum" come from?

☐THIS saying comes from Yorkshire and dates back to the early fifteenth century when the staple diet of the local peasantry included a disproportionately large quantity of crude beet which was high in unrefined sucrose compounds. The effect on teeth was catastrophic, as recent skull finds at the excavations of Boddington Monastery have shown. Few people would have had any teeth beyond the age of 11, and it was common for the people of the time to greet each other with the expression "May the Lord heal thy gums", later corrupted to the dialect form that we still retain. — *Adrian Molar, FRECSE, Harley Street, London*

QUESTION: Who am I?

☐THIS perennial question is best answered perhaps by translating its philosophical components into algebraic symbols, as recommended by the Italian mathematician Giuseppe Tangenti. If the subjective "who" is denoted by "a", the verb signifying existence by "q", and the noun representing selfhood (always relative) by λK, then the problem resolves itself thus:

$$a = \frac{\sqrt{p\,(\lambda + p^2)}}{(a^p - \lambda K)\,a^2}$$

Developing this further, using the principles established by the Cambridge logician *(That's enough 'Who am I?'. Ed.)* — *Mary Archer, Grantchester*

NEXT WEEK: Answer please for the following. Are policemen's uniforms always blue? Why do we say "cheese" when we have our photos taken? Did dinosaurs sing? Who is Jonathon Fenby?

The predominant product they sell is the Psion Series 3, which whilst Christ uses himself, he was surprised at just how many applications the machine is being put to.

PC Mart

NATIONAL TAMPOON'S LOADED WEAPON
Daily 6.10 - 8.00pm
Sat Mat. 3.25pm
Sun 7.30pm (PG)

Llanelli Entertainment Centre

TV HIGHLIGHTS

JEEVES & WOOSTER in NEW YORK

(ITV, 9.00 pm)

(Jazzy music. Vintage car draws up outside Savoy Hotel in Strand with large sign on it saying THE NEW YORK HOTEL. *Cut to library footage of Broadway, showing theatre sign reading "Andrew Lloyd Webber's CATS — Now In Its 10th Sensational Year". Caption reads "New York in 1925". Interior of apartment, St Paul's Cathedral clearly visible through window)*

WOOSTER: I say, Jeeves, isn't New York a simply spiffing place?

JEEVES: Indeed, Sir, the whole of America is a thoroughly agreeable environ filled with the sort of people who might enjoy watching a series about upper-class English persons such as ourselves.

WOOSTER: Really, Jeeves? Are you sure?

(Begins to play Yellow Submarine on electric keyboard)

JEEVES: I have it on very good authority, Sir, that they would be particularly anxious to purchase such a series if the English persons in question were to enjoy their adventures in an American setting.

(Concorde flies past window. Jeeves begins to polish CDs)

WOOSTER: Dash it, Jeeves, you're a bally genius.

(Cut to Aunt Agatha arriving in helicopter on Post Office Tower, with sign on it reading "Empire State Building". Screen goes blank to leave room for US commercials. Credits roll with first line reading "Not based on a story by P.G. WODEHOUSE")

"I wish that bloody Thesaurus would shut up!"

HOSPITAL KILLER — Public demands full enquiry

by Our Health Staff **Sir Barts Simpson**

FURIOUS victims yesterday called for a full public enquiry into the case of the serial killer who coldbloodedly murdered many of Britain's best-known hospitals.

Virginia Bottomley, who for legal reasons cannot be named, was given a job "way beyond her capabilities and for which she was entirely unsuited", the court heard.

As soon as she was appointed as Health Secretary in 1992, innocent hospitals began to suffer mysterious attacks, many of which proved fatal.

Although suspicions began to be raised about Mrs Bottomley's part in the serial killings, no one saw fit to remove her from her job.

Her boss, Mr Major, even went out of his way to say that she was "doing a wonderful job", at the very time when the death toll was rising rapidly.

Black Bottomley

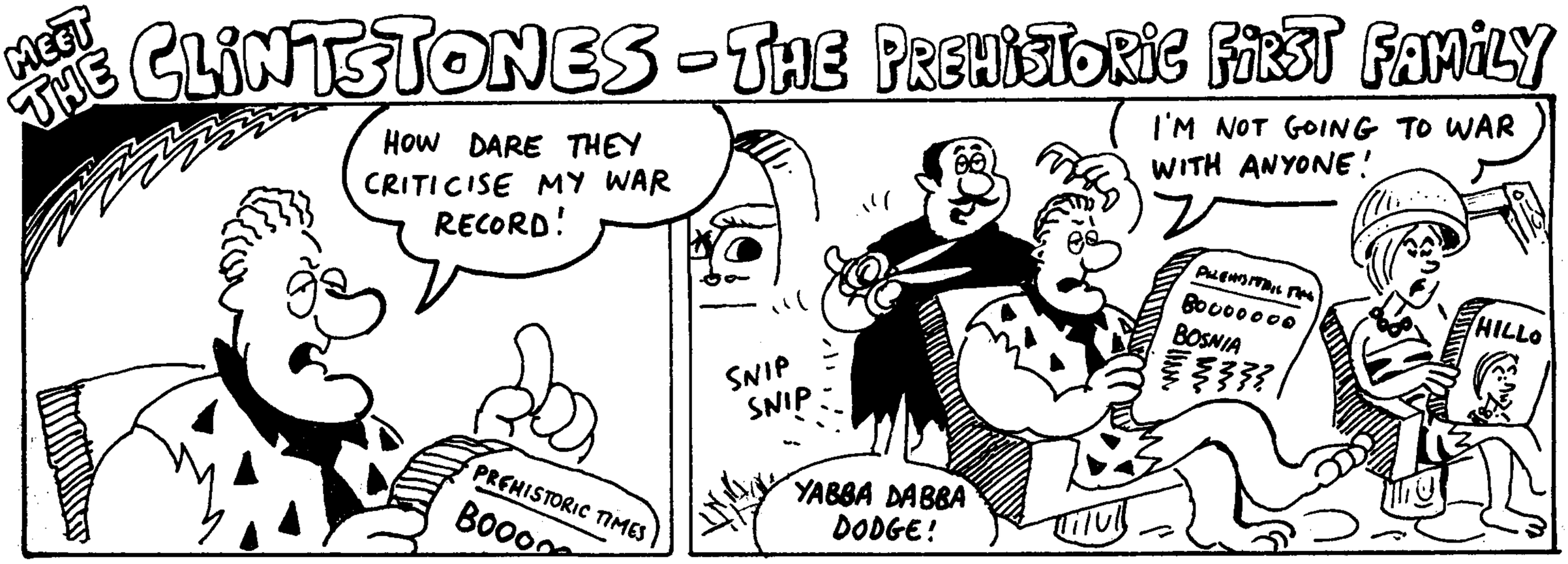
Now, finally, questions are being asked about the role of the authorities in allowing this mad axe-woman to run amok in the country's hospitals.

The Government has set up a full private enquiry under Sir Cecil Whitewash to establish Mrs Bottomley's complete innocence.

In his report, published last year, Sir Cecil will find that Mrs Bottomley suffered from a rare psychic disorder known as Majorhausen's Disease.

Victims of this syndrome live in a dream state, and have no idea what is going on in the real world.

The victims of this disease are almost always members of the Cabinet.



TORY MPs BACK MacGREGOR RAIL PLAN

by Our Political Staff **Simon Hefferlump**

CONSERVATIVE MPs wept for joy last night when Transport Secretary John MacGregor unveiled his latest plan to lose the next election *(surely 'privatise the railways'? Ed).*

MacGregor's plan is to divide British Rail into 26 million separate components, privately owned and funded by millions of "franchisees".

The plan, he said, was "very simple" and could be "up and running" by the end of next week.

How that MacGregor Plan works

1. **The Government removes all existing rolling stock from the tracks.**
2. **Government removes all tracks, thus freeing "corridors of land" to be sold off at auction to various major contributors to Tory Party funds (Tarmac, McAlpine, Taylor Woodrow etc).**
3. **"Franchisees" will then have the chance to run their own individual "train" on the new trackways on a pay-as-you-drive basis.**

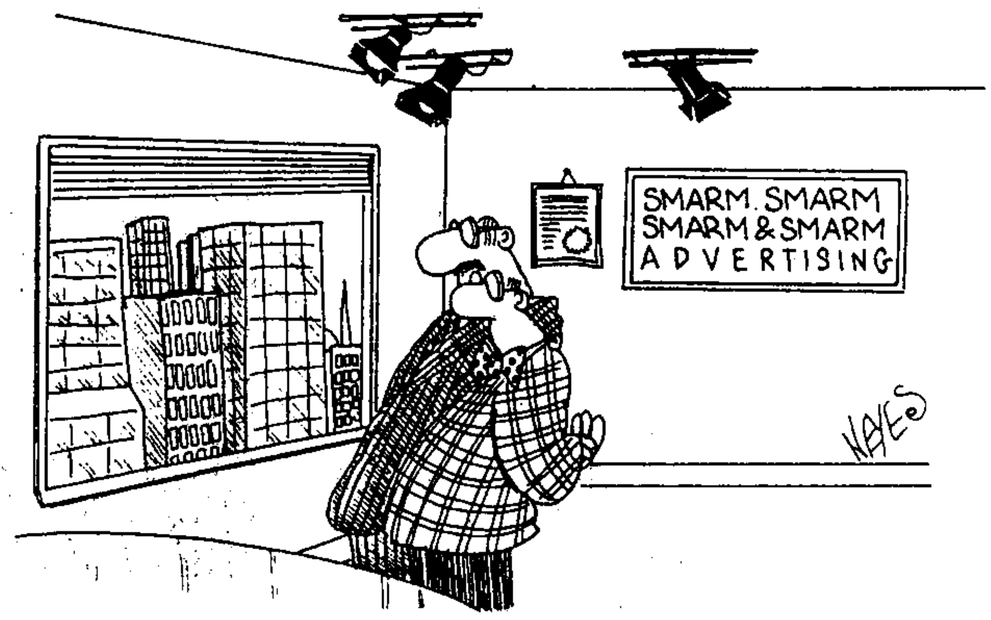
"This means more cars on more roads," said a triumphant Mr MacGregor, "which has got to be good news for Nissan UK and our other friends in the road lobby."

More privatisations on way — Portillo's shock pledge

by Our Selloff Staff
Melvyn Bargain and Murray Sale

TREASURY Secretary Michael Portobelloroadmarket last night announced a further series of privatisations to take place within the lifetime of the present parliament. These include:

- **Crimewatch UK to replace the police force, with Call Nick Ross and Sue Cook as joint Chief Executives.**
- **Group 4 to replace army, with Sir Norman Fowler as non-executive Commander-in-Chief.**
- **Fire service to be replaced by new "pay-as-you-burn" system, whereby householders are charged a minimum of £1,250 for any water used during the commercial operations of the new Group Fire.**
- **All old people to be "closed down" as part of a wholesale cost-cutting exercise which will save an estimated £300 billion per annum.**
- **The British Government to be sold off to a consortium of German and French businessmen headed by Jacques Delorean and known as Group Führer.**



"Son, it's a jingle out there..."

SCOTT INQUIRY — LATEST

by Our Defence Staff **Dot Matrix-Churchill**

LAST night the government faced fresh criticism over its role in the so-called "Superlie" affair.

The controversy centres on whether or not the Attorney General, Sir Michael Havers, knew about the manufacture of this huge lie that the Government were attempting to sell to the public.

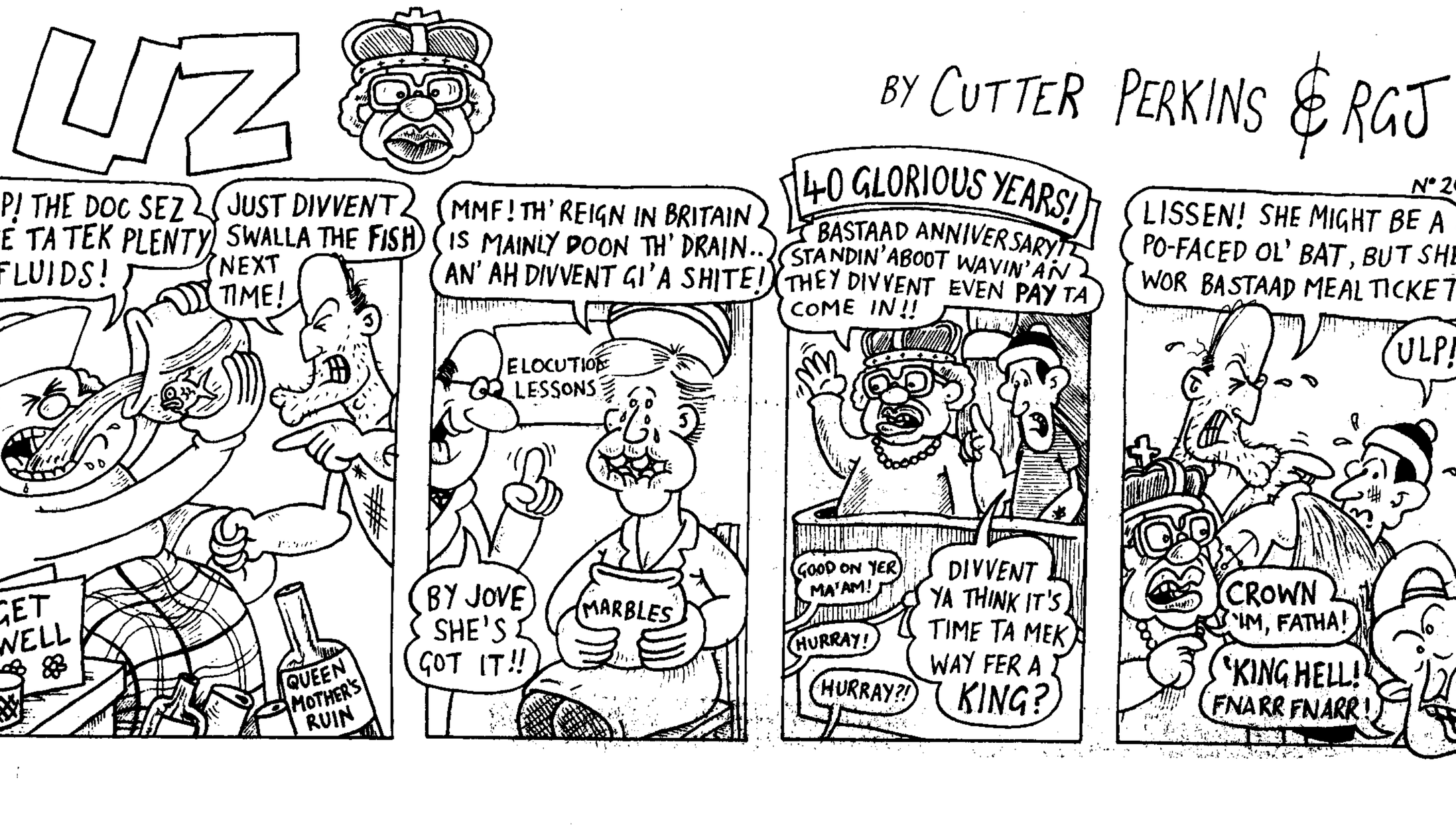
The Superlie, reputed to be the biggest single fib since the Budget, is said to have the capacity to blow up in the Government's face and destroy a whole Cabinet.

The lie was fabricated by Whitehall experts and was precision-tooled for use in convincing people that the Conservative government wasn't knowingly flogging destructive weapons to an enemy dictator.

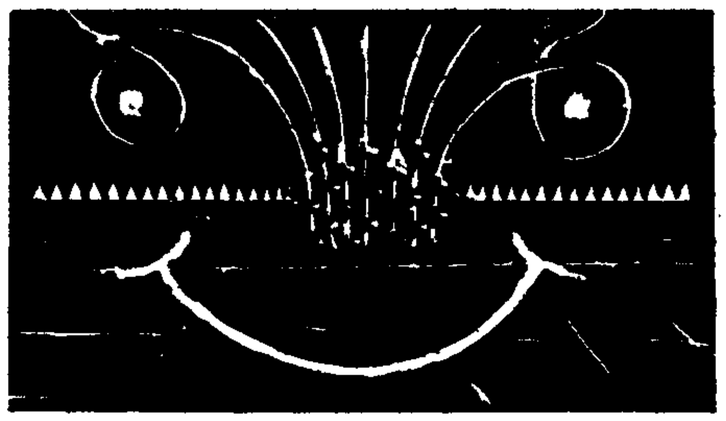
Ministers however have disavowed all knowledge of the Superlie, claiming that they thought it was just standard, safe, non-explosive political expediency.

"We couldn't have known," said one, "that trying to send some businessmen to jail would turn out so badly. The men looked perfectly innocent and we had no idea they could be dangerous."

An Opposition spokesman later claimed that the trade in massive lies was continuing and that the Government were now working on the biggest Superlie of all time.


UZ
BY CUTTER PERKINS & RGJ
Nº 20
GULP! THE DOC SEZ AH'VE TA TEK PLENTY A FLUIDS!
JUST DIVVENT SWALLA THE FISH NEXT TIME!
GET WELL
QUEEN MOTHER'S RUIN
MMF! TH' REIGN IN BRITAIN IS MAINLY DOON TH' DRAIN.. AN' AH DIVVENT GI'A SHITE!
ELOCUTION LESSONS
MARBLES
BY JOVE SHE'S GOT IT!!
40 GLORIOUS YEARS!
BASTAAD ANNIVERSARY! STANDIN'ABOOT WAVIN'AN THEY DIVVENT EVEN PAY TA COME IN!!
GOOD ON YER MA'AM!
HURRAY!
HURRAY?!
DIVVENT YA THINK IT'S TIME TA MEK WAY FER A KING?
LISSEN! SHE MIGHT BE A PO-FACED OL' BAT, BUT SHE'S WOR BASTAAD MEAL TICKET!!
ULP!
CROWN 'IM, FATHA!
'KING HELL! FNARR FNARR!

DIARY



ALAN CLARK

Bumped into a ghastly little woman at reception the other night. Took her to be one of the waitresses: common as muck, foreign look about her, nasal voice, not a bad bust, decidedly alluring to be frank, tidy-poo hair-do, had her marked down as a cleaning lady, obviously fancied me something rotten, kept giving me the come-on by asking me questions of the "What exactly is it that you do, ooh that must be interesting" variety.

Was just plotting to offer her tuppence ha'penny an hour to clean out the stables when I suddenly found myself getting the hots for her. Must have been her feet — two of 'em, one on each side, quite small, well shod, not bad at all. So I put my arm round her shoulder, volunteered her my broadest grin, and whispered into her ear, "If you really want to know EXACTLY what I do, why don't we bunk up together for a few mins in a little Ministerial cupboard I spotted out in the corridor — let me 'Minister' to your every urge, know what I mean, hur, hur?"

At this point, an oik in pin-stripes sidled over to the cleaning lady and said, "Your Majesty, may I present Lady someone-or-other?" Crikey, I thought, how utterly spastic of me — I've been trying to have it off with the Queen. Smack botties for Alan. Silly really, because I hardly ever fancy Krauts: no sense of humour. Mind you, if my memory serves, I rather think I had it away with that daughter of hers, Anne Thingummyjig, some time in the late 70s, bit of a boot face but quite a goer, and Margaret's quite a pole-vaulter, of course, and that Fergie looks a lot of fun in a tarty way, and Princess Michael could f**k the hind legs off a grand piano, even if she is a bit of a nouve, and of origin unknown.

On the way to the Ministry, spotted a blind man plus begging bowl. Bit of a moral dilemma, but I finally removed the money from the begging bowl, stuck my tongue out at him and gave him a bloody good kick in the shins. Felt a bit of a s**t, who wouldn't, etcetera, but what other options were open to one? I simply felt in all honesty I had to teach him a thing or two. This is the real world. It's not good all these snotty little liberal buggers getting on their high horses about this sort of decisive action if they can't come up with a halfway decent alternative. Lucky the poor bugger wasn't a blind woman, or it wouldn't only have been my tongue that I stuck out, arf arf!!

Saw that fat loathsome incompetent oaf Ken Clarke. "Lovely to see you Ken," I said, "You're doing marvellously at the Home Office. Highly impressive. Keep it up."

"Jolly nice of you to say so, Alan," he replied, sick-makingly.

What a first-class hypocrite! What an utter five-star shit! The slimy toad must have known I didn't believe a word that I was saying. Yet without so much as blinking he came out with utter crap, piss and balls like: "Jolly nice of you to say so, Alan."

What a lying git! How pukey can you get? And how spassy and nouveau of him to think I wouldn't see through it! Who does he think I am?

Talking of ratbags, that Dalai Lama's a prize shit, oily and loathsome little creep of the first order, awful churchy holier-than-thou-air about him.

"What's your game then, baldie?" I said to him when we met at a parliamentary reception back in '89.

"Velly nice meety you," he replied.

"Cut the cackle," I said. "Just tell me why you insist on poncing about like a prize ninny in those godawful robes. Who'd you think you are? Mrs Gertrude Shilling?"

"Solly, no understandy," he answered.

What a sanctimonious little charlatan, all smiles and deep bows and sweaty hands clasped together in prayer, talking non-stop balls. Nouve, too: no gentleman ever wears orange. I could see through him a mile off. "I can see YOU never went to Eton!" I said — and that saw him off pretty damn quick.

At an opportune moment, I took Margaret Thatcher — never lovelier, good uplift to her bra, under-rated B.T.M. too, oozing with controlled sexuality — to one side. "See the little bloke over there, Margaret," I whispered. "Definitely not to be trusted. Been talking the most frightful gibberish about loving thy neighbour, learning to live together, not killing each other and similar complete balls. I think he must be up to something."

"But who can we trust these days, Alan?" said Margaret, using my first name — a sure sign that a woman's trying to lure one under a table for a quick one-two.

I took the bull by the horns. "Personally, Margaret, I've always thought Saddam Hussein seriously under-rated, but then when you've been a military historian as long as I have, you can't help but admire the fellow. He's got balls, Margaret. And missiles. Okay, so he might be a bit moody, but Christ, who wouldn't be, stuck in Bongo-Bongo land with only nig-nogs for company? But his heart's in the right place. If I were you, Margaret, I'd sack that fat spastic twerp Ken Clarke and put Saddam in the Cabinet. So it might not be popular with the pinko brigade, but what have they ever done for you?"

Her bountiful globes rose with her every breath. "Yes, yes..." she said, distractedly, and motioned away from me with a nod of her head, a sure a woman's got the absolute hots and is gasping for it.

I arrived back home rather late that night — and between these four walls I wouldn't be at all surprised if Margaret didn't too! I'm not saying anything happened, but I'm not saying anything didn't happen either! She obviously loves a true aristocrat, a man of sophistication, class and understated distinction. Owor! Oy, oy! Way-hay-hay! Wheeee!

Of all the disloyal little creeps, none come more disloyal than my fellow Ministers under Thatcher. What a shower! No sooner had I told everyone what the others had said behind closed doors, than they'd pass it on!

For instance, I once told Michael (Heseltine) that Tom (King) didn't think that Michael (Howard) thought much of the way Leon (Brittan) was going round telling tales on Willie (Whitelaw) for spreading rumours that Cecil (Parkinson) was gossiping about what Kenneth (Baker) had said to David (Young) about there being too much backbiting in the Cabinet — and he immediately went and told Norman (Fowler) who went and told Michael (Heseltine)! But then it's absurd to expect my own high moral standards to be reproduced in a Cabinet full of the most ghastly riff-raff, some of whom have only two houses, if that! No wonder they wouldn't let a man of my proven integrity and position into their oiky Cabinet! Am overcome by a mad urge to piss over the lot of them from a great height. Instead, decide to publish my diaries.

Nessuno volle ascoltarlo, neanche la presunta amante, Camilla Parket Bowels che lo rassicurò con un: «Diana è un topino, andrà bene, è praticamente perfetta».

Il Messaggero

"There is still no cause for complacency, still less for euphoria. We still have a long way to go before employment in all parts of Scotland will be down to where we want to see it and no doubt the indicators in the months ahead will be erratic.

Wigtown Free Press

£1,000 RAID

Fishing tackle worth £1,000 from shed in Bottrill Street, Nuneaton. Sportsbag containing bank cards stolen from car in Westbury Road, Nuneaton, and mountain stolen from shed in Heath End Road, Nuneaton.

Nuneaton Evening Telegraph

Literary Review

Art imitating lifelessness

A Spanish Lover
Joanna Trollope
(Bloomsbury, £14.99)

EXTRAORDINARY how what starts out as an imitation can sometimes take on a life of its own and end up further down the track than the thing it was set to study! And so Joanna Trollope, conceived, promoted and retailed as a cut-price Mary Wesley, now finds herself at the very top of the heap, a staple of the bestseller lists and the darling of the *Daily Telegraph*.

In fact this progressive improvement in Ms Trollope's fortunes — does anyone remember her, I wonder, when she wrote historical romances created by her distinguished ancestor? — was bound to happen. Though the English book-buying public has always been fascinated by Mary Wesley's upper-bourgeois merry-go-round, it invariably remained somewhat in awe of her — which is never a good relationship to exist between an author and her public. She was at once too upperclass and too astringent, too haughty and too bohemian — and the characters were mostly complete bastards, too. Anyone who could refine the formula — a little cosier, a little more English, a little more provincial — would consequently be quids in.

In case this sounds like ritual highbrow disparagement of the books which the great British public — bless the dears — presses to its heart, it should be said that there is a case to be made for Joanna Trollope. It goes something like this. Perhaps the greatest failing of the contemporary English novelist is his or her inability to write about "ordinary life". Martin Amis's John Self and Keith Talent are very funny, terminally droll even, but they are grotesques, not human beings. What we want is the English provincial scene, the log-fire roaring and silent majority getting on with its bustling domestic business.

An excellent case it is too, up to a point. Above all, your average fiction fancier wants something that takes place *outside London* — which, after all, is where most of us live — away from the crack dealers and the jungle jive. And they certainly get it in *A Spanish Lover*, in which no aspect of the roseate bourgeois vista goes unremarked. There is the familial contrast — two sisters, one running a gallery with her husband, the other a travel agent embroiled with a Spanish boyfriend — there are the roguish children, there is even the *pressing social issue*, don't you know, when Lizzie and Rob's livelihood is threatened by the recession.

What there isn't, regrettably enough, is any sign of a creative intelligence working in anything but the most trivial way. Ms Trollope might be writing about the sort of people who deserve to appear in fiction, but she writes about them in a desperately uninteresting manner, and despite the carefully measured out ingredients the whole is as flat as a pancake.

Mostly this is the result of a quite exquisite perfunctoriness of incident and characterisation, in which the plot is intermittently cranked up with alarming haste — the gallery starts to founder almost in a matter

of days — and the characters jink around the conversational openings until they can deliver themselves of the epic, sententious statements that Ms Trollope has prepared for them, as when Rob tells Lizzie: "It's just life itself that deals you a nasty when you aren't looking, it's life that keeps moving the goalposts. We haven't changed, it's just the things around us that have."

In a sense none of this — plot (Rob, Lizzie and family surviving in reduced circumstances, Frances having a baby), moral (making the best of things) — matters, for *A Spanish Lover* is a nostalgia trip, pure and simple, back to a world of bustling, apple-cheeked families and bucolic satisfactions, full of detail that seems just a touch old-fashioned for the early '90s, spiced up with a decorous sexual undertow but no smut (another tick on the reader's checklist).

The general effect is to remind the reader of Frances's apprehension (while checking out an Italian holiday jaunt) "that she would find it all a cliché, done to death by the remorseless English mania for a civilised release from the shackles of a chilly Puritanism into an acceptable sensuality". As it happens, the last three words would make a good title for Ms Trollope's next one. For the moment there is a certain amount of incidental pleasure to be gained from predicting who will feature in the TV film. That nice Kevin Whately as Rob, Patricia Hodge as Lizzie and Geraldine McEwan as the old mum, *I'd* say.

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

☐ **IN SEPTEMBER Robert Hale will publish *Jack the Myth*, described as "a totally new look at the Ripper murder mysteries" by the aptly named A.P. Wolf, whose book "represents a lifetime's interest in the subject, as well as three years' intensive research".**

According to the Hale autumn list, as well as "uncovering much new evidence, the author exposes the elaborate game of charades played by the so-called Ripperologists for a hundred years". All of which is very odd. Two months later the same publishing house brings out a paperback edition of the previously published *Jack the Ripper: The Mystery Solved* by Northamptonshire police sergeant Paul Harrison, who has "brought modern police methods to bear on the case" and who triumphantly comes up with "a solution to the greatest murder of all time".

It would seem the editors of Robert Hale lack confidence in Sergeant Harrison's case, or why would they publish Herr Wolf's whistle in the dark undergrowth of 1888 as well?

■ THIS IS another week of speculation about political books, or rather books by politicians or ex-politicians.

The Leaderene was the guest of honour at HarperCollins's sales conference dinner at which Peter Winslow, the chief executive, described the baroness as "probably the finest prime minister we've ever had". Why did he bother with that "probably"?

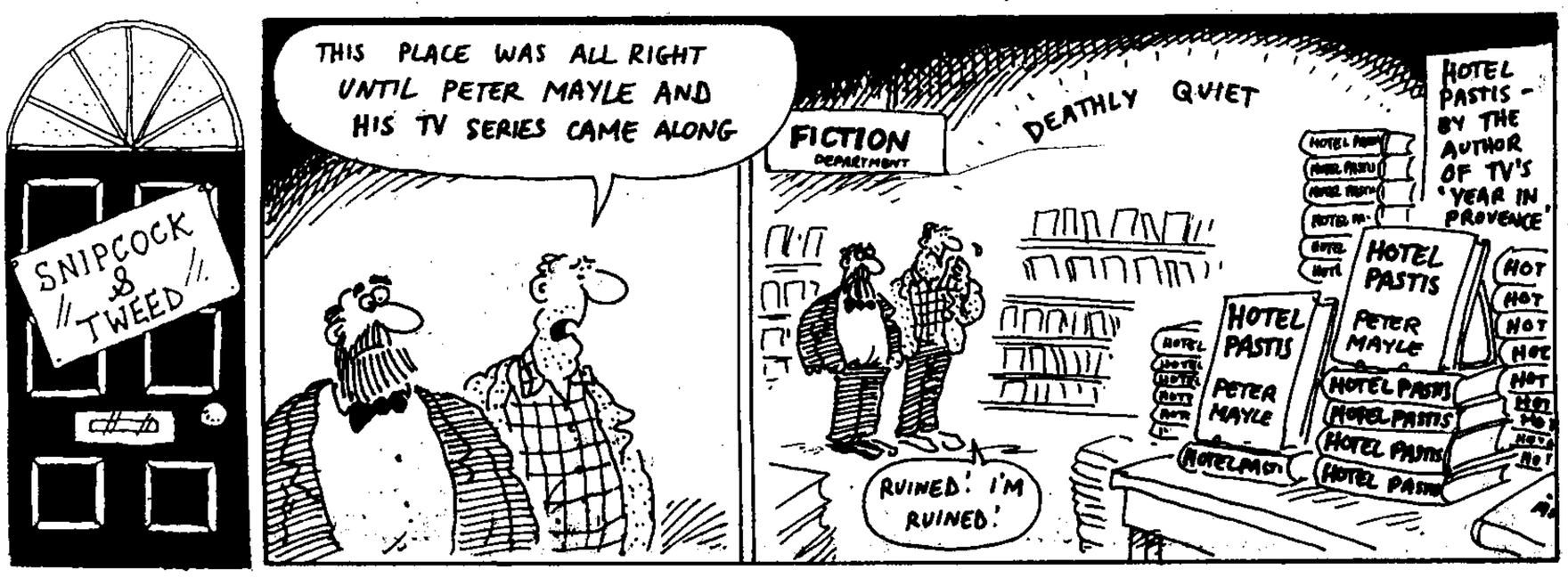
The Downing Street Years out of the way (it's published in October), its authoress is settling down to write a second book, on her personal philosophy.

Lady Thatcher and Lord Archer — whose *Honour Among Thieves*, about Saddam Insane attempting to burglarise the US Declaration of Independence, is published by HarperCollins in July — share an editor in the obliging Stuart Proffitt. Jeffrey telephone Stuart to check that the last *Eye*'s allegation that HarperCollins was printing a mere 100,000 copies of his novel was incorrect. The print number has since been increased.

Will Hodder & Stoughton retaliate and increase its print run of the new le Carré? Much will depend on whether the incisive Tim Hely Hutchinson, chairman of Headline, manages to buy Hodders in the next couple of weeks and send the Attenboroughs off to play a perpetual round of golf.

Meanwhile literary agents and publishers are said to be besieging Norman Lamont's door, waving mighty cheques in return for his agreeing to tell all about that famous black eye, Miss Whiplash and Threshergate. They would have a more saleable book if they signed up his mum, 82-year-old Irene.

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
THIS PLACE WAS ALL RIGHT UNTIL PETER MAYLE AND HIS TV SERIES CAME ALONG
FICTION DEPARTMENT
DEATHLY QUIET
HOTEL PASTIS - BY THE AUTHOR OF TV'S 'YEAR IN PROVENCE'
HOTEL PASTIS PETER MAYLE
RUINED! I'M RUINED!

In the City

OH WHAT a friend Asil Nadir has in Michael Mates, the generous, fun-loving Northern Ireland minister, especially if the colourful but absurd rumours circulating among pursuing hacks are true.

While other Tory ingrates were quick to distance themselves from the Turkish Delight, despite his six-figure party donations, once he had his well-tailored collar felt, old soldier Mates, in true military style, advanced towards the sound of the guns, firing off letters to successive attorney-generals parroting words provided by Nadir and his acolytes.

So why should Mates, especially once he had become a minister, ignore the usual politician's well-developed sense for self-survival and continue to campaign for a man who (lest we forget): was charged with stealing more than £100 million; had presided over one of Britain's largest corporate crashes (£1 billion-plus); had become one of the biggest ever bankrupts (£100 million); and who was suspected, correctly, of hiding assets and likely to jump bail?

It defies belief that the answer is merely to help the unidentified constituent who had supposedly recruited Mates's help back in 1991 or because Nadir was a victim of injustice! The caring MP for Hampshire East was not out there campaigning for the Polly Peck shareholders who lost everything, but for the man who cost them everything and took everything he could. There were no watches, H.Samuel or cheaper, for 20,000 shareholders.

Mates's actions, his persistent interventions behind the scenes on behalf of a major league crook, right up to the time that this "victim of injustice" fled, are only explicable by a relationship or a motive which goes far beyond helping a constituent.

By his own admission of his reliance on advice from Nadir's counsel, Anthony Scrivener, minister Mates had become an integral part of the Nadir camp. Like one of Pavlov's dogs, the minister responded with letters pushing the Nadir party line to the attorney-general whenever the telephone bell rang. It is understood that as an MP he even considered using parliamentary privilege to attack those the paranoid Nadir saw as enemies for being in the pay of the dreaded Greek Cypriots. All this just for a *constituent*?

And who was this mysterious voter, this "Nadir adviser" for whom the minister was so unselfishly prepared to put himself in harm's way? Certainly not Scrivener or Nadir's lawyers, Pannone & Partners, who are based in that part of Hampshire commonly known as Manchester. Surely not struggling local Petersfield businessman Peter Dimond, who advised Asil how to jump his £3.5 million bail because he, too, felt Nadir was a victim of injustice? Should he ever return from his refuge in Northern Cyprus, no doubt Dimond will be reassured to know that he will be able to rely on his MP to speak up for him once he is arrested for aiding the escape.

Perhaps it would be a good idea if Mates were to identify the individual for whom he worked so hard in order to prevent such uncharitable suggestions.

Perhaps it would also be a good idea for him to identify exactly where and when and how many times he met Nadir and who paid. After all, his constituency chairwoman seems to think he has been interested in the Nadir case for "years". Nadir has been bankrupt since early 1992 and Polly Peck crashed in 1990.

And, most pertinent of all given the rumours about their friendship, perhaps he should explain whether Nadir ever did anything for him? For the fugitive tycoon, as Tory Party treasurer Lord McAlpine discovered over his political donations, was not a man who believed in the free lunch. Whether it was in Northern Cyprus, Turkey or Britain, Asil Nadir always expected a return on his investment.

THE ARRIVAL of Kenneth Clarke as chancellor of the exchequer revives memories of gossip long ago that, when a young barrister MP during the early seventies, he had once been a client of stockbrokers Chapman & Row, founder members of the list of usual suspects.

Alas, any such relationship came to a sudden and unhappy end in 1974 when the firm was "hammered" with debts of almost £2 million. Most of the partners were charged with fraud, but only two were convicted. Among those acquitted was Ralph Clarke (no relation). But such suggestions seem hardly plausible for the man who would be prime minister.

SHY, RETIRING Alan Sugar's bid to remove his one time partner Terry Venables as chief executive of Tottenham Hotspur is based on claims of incompetence and worse.

From the high moral ground of Essex, the man who puts the F and the C back into football accuses El Tel effectively of "bunging" football managers, mishandling transfers and other dark deeds which cost Spurs dear. And Sugar, who tried to rip off the shareholders of Amstrad last year with his buy-out bid, knows all about corporate governance.

In his campaign, Sugar has been supported by the Murdoch-owned *Sunday Times* and *Sun*. The former being remarkably well informed about the claims Sugar has made against Venables in his as yet unpublished affidavit. It is no doubt purely coincidental that Sugar (whose Amstrad supplies the all-important dishes), and Murdoch were allies in the deal which saw British Sky Broadcasting sew up the exclusive TV rights for Premier League soccer.

However, those with knowledge of Tottenham's affairs, while admitting Venables' unfortunate choice of associates and unrealistic tycoon ambitions, suggest that he will not be entirely without argument when it comes to telling tales outside the boardroom.

One tale concerns Sugar the man of his word. It is understood that just before the Spurs rights issue in December 1991, an agreement was prepared whereby Sugar would not take advantage of the greater shareholding position he would emerge with as a result of Venables not taking up all of his rights. After the issue, instead of being 50:50 partners, Sugar would have some 46 percent of Tottenham to Venables' 23 percent.

Under the proposed agreement Sugar was to agree to vote only half the excess shares. The rest he was to vote at Venables direction. The agreement was never signed. According to the Venables version, Sugar told him: "Trust me. I will not vote the shares against you." Until Sugar wanted Venables out.

Then there is the tale of Sugar the selfless Tottenham benefactor. Initially the Sugar position was that he wanted merely to be in the background as the major shareholder receiving only his dividends. But in recent months both Sugar and those around him have begun to receive substantial sums from Tottenham. Under the unusual Amshold agreement signed earlier this year, Sugar is to be paid £50,000 a year via a Jersey company for his "merchandising" services to the club. Then there are the payments to Amsprop — £96,000 up to January alone — which relate to services provided by his boardroom ally, finance director Colin Sandy and possibly Louise Sugar. By the same date his spokesman Nick Hewer had been paid £42,000. Also travelling first class on the Spurs gravy train are Touche Ross, the Amstrad auditors, and Herbert Smith, its lawyers. They had received £72,000 and £41,000.

Tottenham also purchased some 50 surplus computer terminals from Amstrad for £75,000. Subsequently Sugar has generously offered to provide computer bureau services to the club for £25,000 a year. This offer is hard to refuse with all the records now on an IBM computer at Amstrad.

Finally there is the tale of Sugar the consistent chairman. One of the sticks justifiably used to beat Venables is his close association with bankrupt businessman Eddie Ashby whom he installed as a senior executive.

It is said by Venables' friends that when told about Ashby's problems back in 1991 Sugar was very understanding and indicated that it was not a problem. It only became a problem last October after a report on Ashby had been prepared by Sandy. Yet at the same board meeting at which Sugar argued that Ashby should be sacked, the directors resolved that the department of trade's criticisms of co-director Tony Berry for his actions when running Blue Arrow were none of its concern. Despite the DTI's professed intention to have Berry disqualified as a director, Sugar saw no problem in Berry remaining on the Tottenham board!

The City will no doubt hear more of these tales next week when the Sugar v Venables row returns to the high court.

'Slicker'

footnotes

ONE ANGRY MAN

THE FOREMAN of the jury which convicted four men of the killing of newspaper boy Carl Bridgewater in 1979 has told the home secretary he believes the men are innocent.

In a recent letter to Ann Whelan, mother of Michael Hickey, one of the convicted men, he reveals that he wrote to the home secretary, then Kenneth Clarke, on 21 September last year, as follows:

I am writing to you concerning the Carl Bridgewater case. I was the foreman of the jury and whilst at the time of the trial I believed the right verdict had been delivered, I now feel differently. I am obviously only speaking for myself and do not wish to refer in any way to the other members of the jury, for whom I have the greatest respect. Reflecting on that trial, I think the most important piece of evidence for me was the confession of Pat Molloy. All other statements in the case were only revealed to the jury if the relevant witness reiterated them in the witness box under oath. We were however each given a full transcript of Molloy's confession, even though he exercised his right to remain silent. I was of course reminded of the distinction between statements and evidence, but, quite honestly, once one reads something like that it is bound to influence one's thinking. . .

My father was Irish and so I am familiar with the ways in which the Irish use the English language in their own way. It was not the confession of an Irishman. I cannot prove it. I just feel it. . .

The juryman is expected to make his view public on ITN this week.

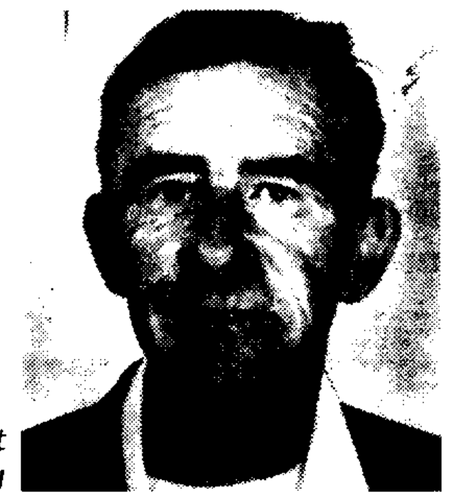
His letter to Clarke was highly significant. Pat Molloy, an Irish-born carpenter, signed a confession that he was at Yew Tree Farm, near Wordsley in the West Midlands, with James Robinson and Vincent and Michael Hickey when the newspaper boy Carl Bridgewater was shot. Molloy's confession said he was upstairs when the gun went off. Detective Constable John Perkins, who is now dead, said he took down the confession while Molloy freely dictated it. But as soon as he was allowed to see his own lawyer, Molloy withdrew his confession and said Perkins had beaten it out of him.

Molloy's lawyers nevertheless advised him not to contest his confession at the trial. They explained that if the jury didn't believe him, he might be convicted of murder; whereas if he stuck to his confession he would probably be convicted only of manslaughter with a much lighter sentence.

This is exactly what happened. There was very little evidence connecting the four men to the farm, so Molloy's uncontested confession was decisive. As the juryman now admits, it was impossible to read the confession and acquit the men.

After the trial Molloy went on insisting in letters and appeal court documents that his confession was a fake. He died of a heart attack in prison in 1981. At two sessions since in the court of appeal, the judges stressed that his confession was not evidence against the other three men, who are still behind bars.

The juryman's letter to Kenneth Clarke followed the submission of four leading language experts that Molloy's confession could not have been dictated, as the police say it was. It now emerges that the home office's own leading expert, Eric Shepherd, also concluded that the confession is phoney. DC Perkins has been involved in at least three other recently reopened West Midlands serious crime squad cases of fabricated or enforced confessions. Yet earlier this year Clarke refused to reopen the Bridgewater case.



Pat Molloy

As for the juryman's letter, it was treated with the respect for the public for which Clarke and the notorious C3 department of the home office (specialists in keeping innocent people in prison) are renowned. The letter was briefly acknowledged by , with the promise that "all relevant information will be taken fully into account including the views you have expressed" — and no more was heard of it until now.

Guinness: it's the DTI's round

● ANOTHER reason the department of trade and industry (DTI) should publish its report into the Guinness affair (see last Eye) is that it might explain the astonishing sale of 6,326,745 Guinness shares and 4,466,600 Distiller shares in the last week of Guinness's bid for Distillers.

Like the huge sale of Guinness shares by MIM revealed in the last Eye, this sale was clearly made to help Guinness's rival, Argyll. Perhaps the DTI report explains why lots of people who tried to rig the market for Guinness were prosecuted, but no one was even suspected of rigging the market for Argyll.

Photo fit-up

■ BRILLIANT Metropolitan police detective work and the infallibility of identification parades combined to convict French pastry cook Alfred Cannamela of attempted murder — and sent him down for nine years.

Mr Cannamela was warned by police from Leman Street, east London, on 22 December 1989 when he was caught smoking on the underground. The two officers made their way back to the station where Sergeant Bob Ellison suddenly had a brainwave. Mr Cannamela looked like the photofit of a man drawn up by Sally Ann Light, who had been brutally stabbed in a telephone box near Tower Bridge by a complete stranger on 17 August, four months previously.

Back went the detectives to the underground where their prey was still lurking. They pounced on him and asked him questions. A search of his bag revealed a number of knives. The officers were not impressed by Mr Cannamela's explanation that he was a pastry cook on his way to work and always used his own knives.

Before long our suspect was being grilled in the police station. His home was raided, where some pairs of jeans were found. This was also considered highly suspicious since the assailant had been wearing jeans. Unhappily, there were no trainers, save one pair which had been attached to roller skates. Off came the skates, and off went the trainers to the lab. Their prints did not fit the trainer's print found near the telephone box — but the certainty of Sgt Ellison and his mates that they had got their man never dimmed.

Alfred and Veronique

A few days later, Cannamela was picked out by Sally Ann Light at an identity parade. "I think that is the man," she said cautiously. The police by now had abandoned caution. They took another statement from the assaulted woman, who revised her earlier assertion that the man who attacked her had a Northern Ireland accent. Now she'd had a chance to think about it, she said, perhaps it was a foreign accent. A knife stained with blood had been found within 20 minutes of the attack very near the telephone box where it took place. On the knife was a clear palm print and fingerprint — neither of them Cannamela's.

In vain did the suspect protest that he had been in bed with his girlfriend, Veronique Demay, when the stabbing took place. In vain did she back up his story in the witness box. On 25 October 1990, Mr Cannamela was convicted of attempted murder. He was sent down for nine years. He sacked his Beckenham solicitors. His new solicitor, Carolyn Taylor, sent the knife prints for testing. The tests suggested powerfully that the prints on the knife must have come from the assailant. The court of appeal ordered a retrial, which has just been completed. On 25 May, the jury took 40 minutes to return a unanimous verdict of not guilty.

Mr Cannamela was in prison for three years. Madame Pierette Galindot, his mother, comes to the *Eye* to protest. She speaks little English. Every 15 days for three years she has travelled from Marseilles to see her son in prison (most of the time he was in Lowestoft).

"I have tried to interest the British press in this story — it is very shocking," says Madame Galindot. "But I was told this sort of thing is quite normal in your country."

Three years after privatisation, it's snouts to the water trough. . .

SLUSH!

IT IS THREE years since water privatisation, and from all over the country comes the happy slushing sound of water bosses and bureaucrats cashing in the share options they so generously gave themselves on liberation day.

Down at **Southern Water**, where they claim a steep increase in water disconnections (up from 3,064 last year to 4,800 today), chairman William Courtney (who is inclined to stress to inquiring journalists how low his salary is) has cashed in on 100,000 share options. Bought at 281p and sold at 518p, they have netted him a handy profit of £253,640.

Managing director Martin Webster has settled for 85,000 cashed-in options, bringing him a less impressive £210,000. Technical director Frank Midmer hasn't done quite so well, buying and selling 85,000 shares (bought at 281p, sold at 495p). He made a paltry £181,900, and his deputy Keith Tozzi, got slightly more for his 40,000, which brought him in £89,200 profit.

The next biggest increase in disconnections is at **Thames**, where executives are also revelling in a share option spree. Group chief executive Michael Hoffman has cashed in 205,000 options (bought at 278p, sold at 480p) — net profit a not unhelpful £414,100. Finance director David Luffrum has to make do with profits from his options of £161,000, while William Harper, group managing director, must somehow stumble along with just £151,000.

Over at **Severn Trent**, which held the record for disconnections last year, there is much joy in the glamorous office of chief executive Roderick Paul, who has sold 137,000 shares at 488p after buying them the same day for 262p. His profit is £310,535. John Bellak, who was chairman of the company when it was a public service in the dark days before share options, has also helped himself to a nice slice of private enterprise, buying and selling 107,572 shares and reaping a cool quarter of a million pounds. Victor Cocker, who was merely a director of business planning and marketing at privatisation, is now managing director and has bought and sold 80,153 shares at a profit of £181,146. His deputy, Michael Upstone, has a smaller windfall of £142,328.

At the gloriously luxurious offices of **North West Water** in Warrington, Dennis Grove, chief executive, has bought and sold 122,250 shares at a very acceptable profit of £283,620. Archie Ramsay, who was group finance director until he resigned in November 1991 (and so was only on the board for half the period since privatisation), nets £185,850 from his share options.

Yorkshire Water's proud record of substantially increased disconnections this year (from 1,585 to 1,833), and all those nasty stories about the increased incidence of dysentery in children cut off from their water supply, haven't deflected top executives from getting the most out of their share options.

Chairman Sir Gordon Jones bought 64,499 at the very low price of 299p and sold them at the very high price of 544p each, boosting his bank account by £158,023, and the managing director of Yorkshire Water Enterprises, John Bell, did only slightly worse with £119,035 net.

Similar fine efforts were recorded at **Northumbrian Water** where the chief executive David Cranston netted £159,052, former managing director Robert Smith £186,837, chairman Michael Straker £108,045 and new managing director John Hargreaves, who came up through the ranks, £37,587.

Not to be outdone at Peninsula House, Exeter, where the **South West Water** monopoly has delighted its customers with its plan to fill St Ives Bay with shit (see Eyes passim), managing director Bill Fraser has bought 65,000 shares at 293p and sold at 516p. His net profit is £144,950. His group finance director Ken Hill had nearly as impressive a profit: £94,050.

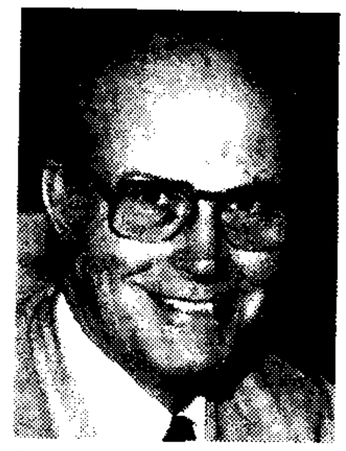
Wales is famous for its water and Graham Hawker, chief executive of **Welsh Water**, must be delighted with his purchase of 84,126 shares at 281p and their immediate sale at the 582p. That's just over a quarter a million for Mr Hawker. Managing director Brian Charles, who was only a divisional manager before privatisation, has bought and sold 38,357 of his options, at a profit of £115,646.

All over **Wessex**, meanwhile, water users are cheering the astonishing achievements of chairman Nicholas Hood, managing director Colin Skellett and finance director Nick Wheatley. By prodigious and simultaneous buying shares cheap and selling them dear, these three have made profits of, respectively, £253,520, £258,693 and £194,022.

Is this amazing bonanza now over? Not likely. There is nothing to stop directors handing themselves more share options, nor is there the slightest likelihood that any water company will lose money. They all have a monopoly on the supply, and as soon as any of them looks like losing money (and thus threatening their directors' share options) all they have to do is put up the charges.

Courtney

Hoffman


Paul

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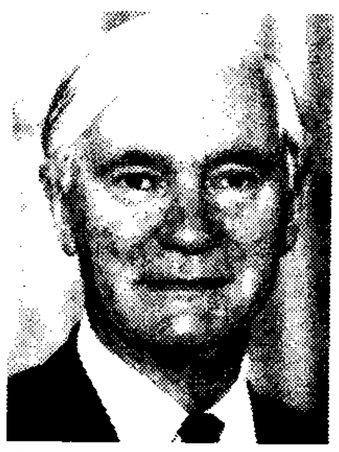
Grove

Cranston

Smith

Hood

Braer rabbiting

■ **NOT EVERYONE is happy with the draft report of the marine pollution control unit (MPCU) into the shipwreck of the tanker Braer off the Shetlands after Christmas.**

The report, which is to go to Lord Donaldson's inquiry into the incident, volunteers some strong views about the immediate reaction of the authorities to the threat of massive oil pollution in the area.

It has certainly annoyed David Dickson, the man in charge of agriculture and fisheries at the Scottish Office. He has sent a barbed memo to Mrs M.J. Martyn, a principal at the MPCU, which whines: "I must say that I had expected the MPCU to restrict its contribution to the factual position and not to volunteer its views on the lessons to be learned as interpreted by the unit."

Dickson also offers useful civil service advice on how the MPCU could avoid being "grilled" by Lord Donaldson if it offered no views on what should or should not have happened. "There is an ideal defence," he wrote, "that comes in the form of the announcement by David Curry to Parliament on April 1 that this whole area would be reviewed on an inter-departmental basis."

In other words, shut up — and plead an inter-departmental review.

THE THINGS THEY SAY

"It is the sort of thing we would have done for any employee who got into difficulties because of his duties"

Henry Lambert, chairman of the Sun Alliance insurance group, quoted in The Times, 20 May.

Mr Lambert (Winchester; New College, Oxford) was explaining to the Sun Alliance shareholders why they had had to shell out £500,000 to Lord Aldington (Winchester, New College, Oxford), the former chairman of the Sun Alliance insurance group, to help him pursue a libel action which was mainly about what happened in central Europe in the 1940s.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183

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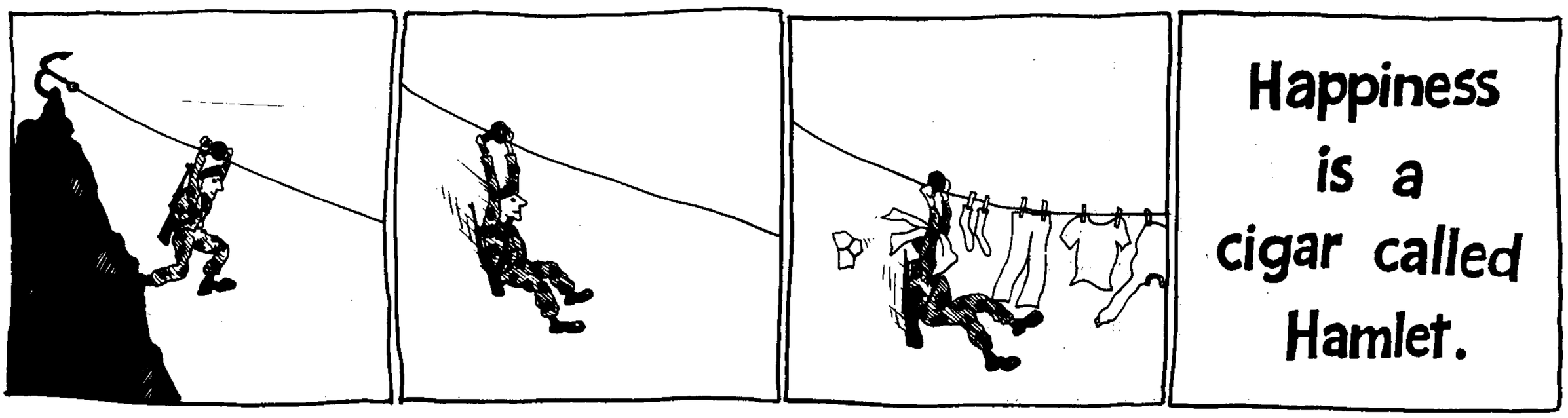

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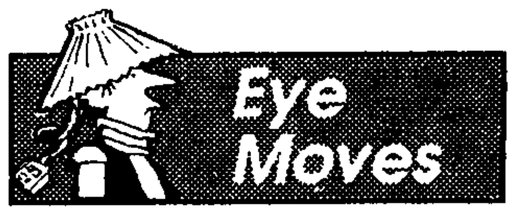

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PILOT REQUIRED, mature kind, by brown eyed beauty lost in orbit, for genuine friendship/love. Box 8820.

COMPANY DIRECTOR, 45, successful, presentable, married, but with separate London house, seeks romantic relationship with warm intelligent lady of any age or status. Box 8920.

I'M LOOKING FOR a hebe, but I'm no gardener. Man, 48, SoH, n/s, francophile, liks opera, old rock'n'roll. Box 9020.

GLASGOW LADY, 39, attractive, about to go over the hill, seeks kind, caring gentleman to hold my hand. Box 9120.

SUCCESSFUL, SINGLE male (36) has everything but the girl. Does a slim, elegant, attractive, lively, 21-30 girl just wanna have fun? More? Photo preferred. Box 9220.

28 YEAR OLD male, divorced for the sake of literature, needs Rita to re-educate me; race/age unimportant. Photo if possible. ALA. Box 9320.

MARRIED MAN, 43, wife lives in USA, misses female companionship and affection. You make the rules. Box 6920.

TALL, INTELLIGENT man, 41, passionate, unconventional, solvent, seeks intelligent, kind, attractive woman, probably younger, for heady romance, life-enhancing experience. Hull area. Box 7020.

OPTIMISTIC E. KENT man, 28, intelligent, caring, seeks similar female for blissful relationship. Box 7120.

SUMMERTIME AND the living is uneasy without an unattached light-hearted educated man for this 40ish irresistible woman. Box 7220.

RESPECTABLE PROFESSIONAL continental married man, 50, seeks lissom professional blonde lady for friendship or possibly something stronger (Norfolk). Photo appreciated, confidentiality and reply assured. Box 7320.

ARE YOU A SLIM, attractive, married woman, intelligent, loving and sensual who yearns for a lover? I am male, 44, with similar attributes. Discreet. W. London, M3/M4 corridor. Box 7420.

CALEDONIA CALING: Attractive lady 40ish enjoys simple pleasures and usual vices seeks good-natured guy to expand her horizons. Box 7520.

COULD YOU BE strength under pressure for gorgeous 29 year old girl who loves to laugh, drives too fast and yet knows how to sleep? Have courage, write now. Box 7620.

WANTED — THE IMPOSSIBLE? (Hopefully not!) Intelligent funny attractive socialist man 25-35 (Brookside fan?) sought by similar E. Midlands womanto share summer sunshine(?), ice-cream and maybe more. Photo & phone no. please! Box 7720.

MALE 34 LAWYER — good SoH and caring, seeks lady also interested in outdoors, travel, music and sharing good times. W. Midlands. Box 7820.

TALL, HANDSOME, passionate male, unattached, thirties, seeks female with sense of humour and formidable intellect. Interests include arts, gastronomy and outdoors. Box 7920.

PROFESSIONAL ECOLOGIST (male 25) seeks woman (18-40) with a sense of humour. For fun and laughs. Southern Scotland/Northern England. Box 8020.

YOUNG MALE well travelled and educated but returned to Africa. Needs communication with literate female world (20-30) and possible liaisons when overseas. Box 8120.

ASPIRING COMEDY writer, also attractive 33yr old lawyer wishes to meet an inspirationally funny woman with whom he can drink cheap wine and write ridiculous scripts. Influences include Steve Martin, Woody Allen and of course Police Academy — not! Box 8220.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL male, 40, slim, gentle, easy going, funny (I think!) would love an affectionate warm sexy but discreet relationship with an attractive slim woman looking for the same thing. Box 8320.

LONDON MAN, 39, SoH, successful, good-looking, in celibate but secure marriage, seeks intelligent, attractive, elegant lady in similar position to compare notes. Box 9420.

SPARKS GUARANTEED, athletic gigolo, tired of schoolgirls, seeks Mrs Robinson, 30+. Photo. Box 9520.

WEALTHY BUSINESSMAN (47) and girlfriend/employee had booked luxury villa (pool etc) outside Cannes for business/pleasure stay, late June. And now she's "gorn" — run off with a matelot. I'm easy going, amiable, suddenly looking for a holiday companion who doesn't like boats. Ideally young (21-27), stunning, tall, intelligent, funny, relaxed. Some business discussions (property) and entertaining, but not boring. Super time for sunny girl, and all expenses (ALL expenses) paid. Please send photo with reply. Box 9920.

Overseas readers! Remember, you must reply to a Box Number advertiser within 2 months of the advertisement appearing.

EXPAT MALE, Tropics bred, 51, divorced, white, tall, fit, graduate, returning to own home in North-West England in December, wishes to correspond with tall/ average height, pleasant natured, slim/ medium build lady (no objection to children) with a view to romance and settling down. Photo appreciated. Box 10020.

GOODLOOKING petite blue-eyed female seeks an unattached wonderful male (35-45) to whisk her away to Paradise! Box 10120.

AFFLUENT, affectionate, caring male (mid-40s, 6ft) with generous disposition, good SOH, seeks someone to care for, wine and dine during weekdays in Bristol. Long-term relationship sought. Box 10220.

EXCEPTIONAL MAN, 38, in mundane situation seeks extraordinary woman in similar position for discreet adventure, enlightenment and pleasure. Suffolk/ Cambs region. Box 10320.

ARTIST, male, English, 45, broke, brilliant, own house South France, needs lovely rich female model lover for forthcoming exhibitions. Stay minimum one week. Box 10420.

LAWYER, 30, living in London during week, seeks lady for discreet romantic relationship. Box 10520.

N. LONDON BACHELOR, 47, smokes, drinks and politically incorrect, seeks attractive lady 35-45 for fun and/or long term relationship. Letter and photo please. Box 10620.

COURTEOUS, TRULY gentle man, with quietly assertive yet unpossessive nature and creative imagination seeks intelligent lady (35-45ish) who's wilful personality might be countered with loving humour by my calming, restraining influence. Midlands/anywhere. Box 2121.

NEW LAD WITH both style and substance, seeks brainy Lycra-wearing sex object. London. Box 2221.

I'M NOT IN LOVE — but open to persuasion! Lady, 40, attractive, intelligent, sensual, vivacious — you? Age/location immaterial. Box 2321.

IMAGINATIVE ENGINEER (29) n/s, seeks slim creative librarianess (22-30) for lazy summers on patio. Loves France, likes sports, can read. Deepest Warks/Worcs. Box 2421.

TWO GIRLS, currently detached, 27 and young at heart, rumoured to be pretty presentable, seek two guys to fill vacancy for lighthearted male company 2 weeks beginning of August in holiday house on the Med. Dinner for starters. Photos please. Box 2521.

TALL DARK HANDSOME sabre (1967) seeks new scabbard to maintain edge. Sporty, adventurous with libido and humour please. Box 2621.

FEMALE, 31, TALL, blonde, attractive, happily married, seeks occasional discreet fun with tall, well-built sensual married male. Photo essential. N. West. Box 2721.

PERMANENT DISTRACTION sought by not unattractive career driven professional male (30). Cambs/anywhere. Box 2821.

FUNLOVING FEMININE fossil, 54, faint for flirtatious friendship from fascinating fossil-fancier. Foto favoured. E. Lancs. Box 2921.

GENEROUS KIND male, youthful 47, varied interests, seeks intelligent attractive female 25-50 for regular enjoyable meetings and long term friendship. All replies wined and dined in appreciative style. Norfolk, but very willing and able to travel. Box 3021.

TWO MALE philanthropists lost in African bush require sensitive communication with intelligent females, any age or species. Box 3121.

DOES YOUR BRA size end in D, DD or E? Then this slim, discreet musician/writer would love to offer awe and admiration! Letter and/or photo guarantees response. Box 3621.

GOOD LOOKING intelligent woman, 37, seeks similar man, early 40s. Glos/W. London. Box 3721.

LAWYER, 40S, moving out of fast lane, wishes to meet warm, humorous and attractive lady (25 to 50) to share many interests. View to life long permanency. Much to offer with same hopefully returned. Manchester or North. Box 3821.

FAR FROM PERFECT gentleman, 33, divorced farmer, Shropshire, enjoys everything, seeks lady friend. Photo for photo. Box 3921.

6 BEASTS SEEK beauties. Photos appreciated. Box 4021.

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE lady seeks intelligent amusing professional man for cultured evenings out of London. Photo please. Box 4121.

TALL 6'4" well-educated fit fifties professional man, country-lover, sailor, seeks loyal intelligent sensual 40s woman equally at home in silk or denim for loving lifetime partnership. Genuine replies only, with recent photo please. South-West or London. Box 4221.

GENEROUS GENTLEMAN, 58, seeks younger woman for mutually satisfying meetings, day/evening. Your status immaterial. Complete discretion assured. Hants/Surrey, will travel Box 4321.

VERY ATTRACTIVE solvent male business graduate, 24, cultured, charming, witty and intelligent, seeks similar single girl 23-30-ish (including lawyers). North-West. Box 4421.

TALL, SERENE, blue-eyed lady, 52, excellent figure/looks, wishes no-strings relationship Mercedes/Rolls Royce owning n/s, romantic, amusing Pinocchio. Send letter and photo. Box 5021.

GRADUATE, 38, PROFESSIONAL, handsome, artistic, fit, sporty, seeks similar gentle attractive lady, younger vintage, for mutual TLC in a world of emotional maelstrom and West London. Box 5121.

JERSEY — ROMANTIC pretty girl seeks professional solvent boyfriend — lawyer/doctor? — 30+. Box 5221.

SLIM ATTRACTIVE Scandinavian female, 40, in lifeless marriage seeks intelligent humorous TLC male. North-East Scotland. Box 4621.

MALE PROFESSIONAL 5'6", 53, married, seeks discreet liaison with mature lady. West Yorkshire. Box 4721.

33 YEAR OLD professional male doubts whether this is a good way to meet women who like eating out, culture and sex but can only live in hope. Box 4821.

CONTINENTAL ADAPTOR needs socket. Box 4921.

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INTELLIGENT? MALE? 25-30? Single? Tall? Hedonistic? Blonde? Scots female awaits! Photo essential. Box 3321.

THAMES VALLEY graduate 25 seeks uninhibited older woman to visit. Discretion assured. Box 3421.

BOND SEEKS Pussy Galore. No Blofeld lookalikes. Box 3521.

TALL, HANDSOME, gentle, thinking professional, married, 45, loves romance and ideas, needs lovely lady to bring them together. Box 5321.

SURREY/KENT. GRADUATE man, 54, separated, seeks discriminating woman, preferably broadly built, for long-term sensual and passionate relationship. Box 5421.

AFFECTIONATE WEST-COUNTRY man, 26 (very liberal Catholic), seeks n/s woman for companionshp and passion. Box 5521.

ELIGIBLE BACHELOR (29) with zest for life seeks lady for lasting relationship. Box 5621.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 50, in failed marriage, tall, slim, fit, affectionate, humorous, good company, seeks caring female, 30-45, for friendship, fun, romance. London. Box 5721.

RESTLESS BUT OK man, 40s, languishing in distant marriage, seeks warm intelligent uncomplicated woman for friendship, adventure and maybe love. Box 4521.

NORTH EAST. Lovely lady, professional, 40+, blonde, sensuous, curvaceous, desires tall confident wealthy soulmate for mutual cuddles, TLC, romance, life? Box 6721.

PROFESSIONAL BRUNETTE 34 seeks tall solvent professional male 30s-40s to spoil her. GSOH. Photo/letter appreciated. Box 6821.

GOOD LOOKING wealthy gentleman, early 50s, homes London and Sussex, seeks company of young, sensuous, glamorous female for sun-following holidays and long-term relationship. Phone/photo essential. Box 6921.

TRY IT OFFSHORE. Professional single gent in Isle of Man, disappointed by local talent, seeks attractive woman for exchange visits. Reasonably handsome man in beautiful island. Many interests. Box 7021.

PROFESSIONAL MALE couch potato, 29, seeks young or recently refurbished couch potatoette to share boring nights in. Box 7121.

FEMALE JEWISH cookery expert sought by N/O divorced affectionate reliable humorous hungry Scottish male. I'm 36, 5ft9, brown eyed and at £1.40 per word for this advert you'll have to reply to find out more. Box 7221.

YOUNG FEMALE DOCTOR, recent job move to quiet Avon district. Intelligent, exuberant, gently Christian, eminently normal. Finding it difficult to meet others similar. A little unsure that this is the way to go about it, so longish letter please. Box 7321.

SENSITIVE CULTURED Asian industrialist (48) with small empire in India & Africa (London-based from July), likes boating, swimming, touring and playing the piano; seeks intelligent and amusing lady for long-term, fun-filled platonic friendship and companionable expenses-paid holidays in UK & overseas. Letters/photos to Box 7421.

SOULFUL SULTRY lady desires dissolute biker for mystic and erotic adventure. Must be single, aged 20-45 and know his own mind. Box 7521.

HANDSOME INTELLIGENT boyman (28) seeks slim attractive soulmate. Cardiff/S. Wales. Box 8421.

MISS RIGHT where are you? Unattached male, 32, sensitive, attractive, intelligent, seeks similar female, 25-35 who likes anything from a good laugh to a slow seduction and preferably wants a long term relationship. Me: pilot, cook, skier. You: slim and single with sense of humour and photograph. Box 5821.

EXPAT, CANADA, 42, never married, employed, seeks woman, equal, 23-35, to settle and explore, create, share, experience life. Box 5921.

ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE graduate (24) London based, seeks educated gentleman for ongoing relationship. Discretion assured. Box 6021.

STRIKING ATTRACTIVE slim, witty, professional female, 30, seeks handsome, intelligent, indulgent, City/ rugby-playing/horse-racing-fanatic, sense of humour a must. Photo ensures reply. Box 6121.

50-ISH TALL TAUREAN male seeking slim sensual lover friend, longterm, to alleviate celibate marriage. Dorset, Wilts, Somerset. SoH. Box 6221.

TALL SHY inexperienced, 25, seeks kind lady for tuition, North West, anywhere. Box 6321.

RELOCATED CHARMING educated professional (28), seeks bright girl (Cornwall). Box 6421.

HANNAY ON THE RUN from Scotland Yard. Pamela, 20-30, required urgently to expose the nasty spies! Box 6521.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE based cynical Asian woman (31) seeks professional "right-on" hedonistic male!! Impossible? Box 10921.

"The main reason why I am renewing my subscription is that I will be getting married on June 5th to a lady that had the courage to advertise in your lonely hearts column"

PERT, SPORTY, wine-loving female, 28, Kensington, seeks tall, intelligent, public school rugger-bugger for wining, dining, snogging and discussion of new rucking law. No soccer players or Europhiles. Photo appreciated. Box 8521.

SEXY, BALDING, wine snob, 30, seeks gorgeous pouting cultured female to discuss chamber music, wine and maybe Uganda. London. Photo please. Box 8621.

ATTRACTIVE, GENUINE, Leeds-based graduate, 37, dreams of beautiful, intelligent, stylish, loving, faithful, single professional lady, into music and sport. Photo/frank letter could turn dreams into reality! Dusky damsels, lady lawyers, sensual smokers especially welcome! Box 8721.

PIGGY CALLING her ladyship! Box 8821.

Eye Soldier

GORGEOUS SEDUCTRESS, neither skinny nor obese(32) seeks tall forces chap who is officer and gentleman by day, and action man by night. Box 7721.

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PRETTY FEMALE, 30s, SLIM, single, very fit, lively, successful career, enjoys writing, dance, theatre and travel, seeks sensitive, attractive, intelligent male graduate, 40ish, for serious relationship. Ring 0839 516303

MUSICAL MALE, 35, TALL, intelligent, attractive, humorous, seeks attractive female, 20/32, preferably arty/musical, slim/slight build, preferably affectionate and intelligent. Ring 0839 514621

RECENTLY SEPARATED barrister, 41, seeks man to put the sunshine into her life. I'm unconventional, with a very good SOH. Ring 0839 514573

LET'S START WITH TELEPHONE duel of wits? Exciting, funny but rational, dangerous, successful, N/S, forties, writer, VGSOH. Seeks humorous, intelligent, 22-34 female, preferably N American. Ring 0839 516013

BEAUTIFUL, SENSUAL, FEMININE, fun loving lady, 30, loves lots of laughter and good conversation. Looking for 1-2-1 relationship, with a professional, well spoken gentleman. Ring 0839 516283

YET ANOTHER FIT, ATTRACTIVE, honest man, 29, 6ft, who would like to meet an intelligent, articulate, independent woman. Ring 0839 516210

TALL, SENSUAL, BLUE-EYED, n/s, Caribbean/European divorcee, 51, seeks mature, solvent, sincere, similar man (with good laughter lines) for fun, travel, stimulation as companion/lover/partner. Ring 0839 516267

GOOD LOOKING, 37ish to 44ish partner needed by man ready to share all the best things, including us, without being clingingly possessive. Ring 0839 516236

REQUIRED - TARZAN who can appreciate and respond to a fuller figured Jane, 35. Ideally a professional gent with varied interests and GSOH for friendship and fun. Loincloth optional. Ring 0839 516344

AFFECTIONATE MALE, early 40s, looking for romance but no strings, due to other ties. Happy, slim, fair, non smoker, looking for similarly placed female. Ring 0839 514742

WARM, ATTRACTIVE, ENERGETIC woman, early 40s, with lovely son, 12. Works in human rights, also writer, dancer, widely travelled, seeks man of wisdom, passion and integrity. Ring 0839 516314

BUSINESSWOMAN, still solvent, unashamedly 43, wholesome, petite, varied interests, workaholic, quietly assertive, likes to be adored, loves to be pampered. Friends first. Ring 0839 516329

ARE YOU A DISCERNING, non-smoking lady? Warm, genuinely caring and with a sense of fun, then call this 37 year old, happy, young, successful Frenchman now. Ring 0839 516244

STUNNING AMERICAN REDHEAD, 31, tall, slim, curvaceous and fun, seeks wise, witty, wealthy older man for dangerous liaison. Ring 0839 516036

TALL, NON-SMOKING, professional man, seeks intelligent and articulate woman for exploration, conversation, cuddles and lust. Ring 0839 516265

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, mysticallyoptic male, 38, solvent, seeks alluring and demonstrative woman to scintillate. Share summer days and stormy weather. South Devon area. Ring 0839 514598

ELEGANT, TALL, ATTRACTIVE, warm, caring brunette, 44, seeks tall, sensitive, stable, stylish, successful gentleman for a one to one relationship. Ring 0839 516358

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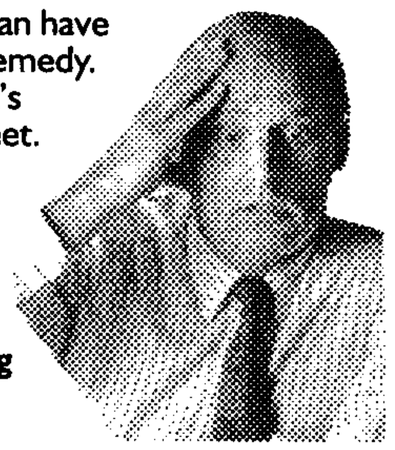

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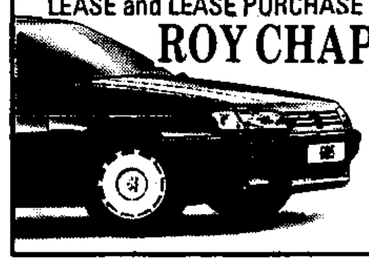

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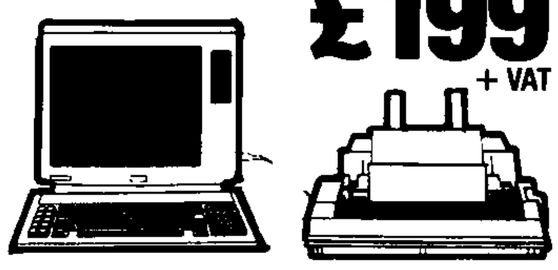

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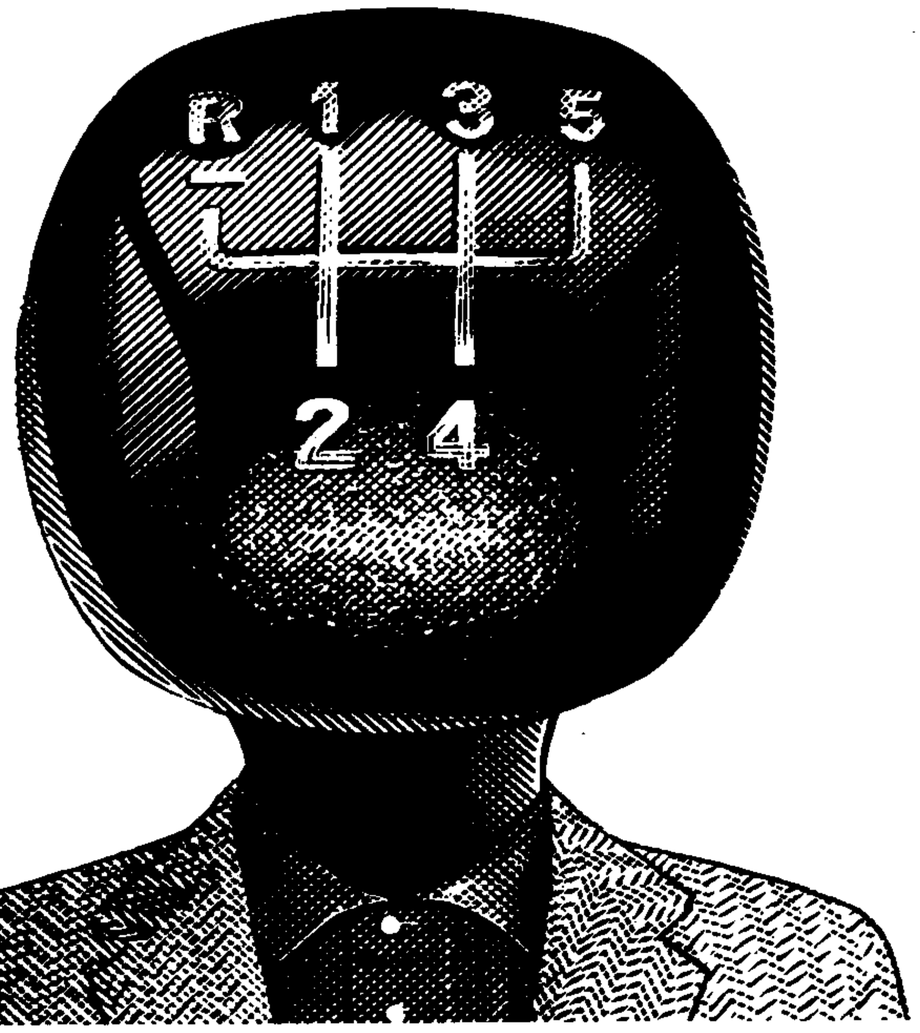

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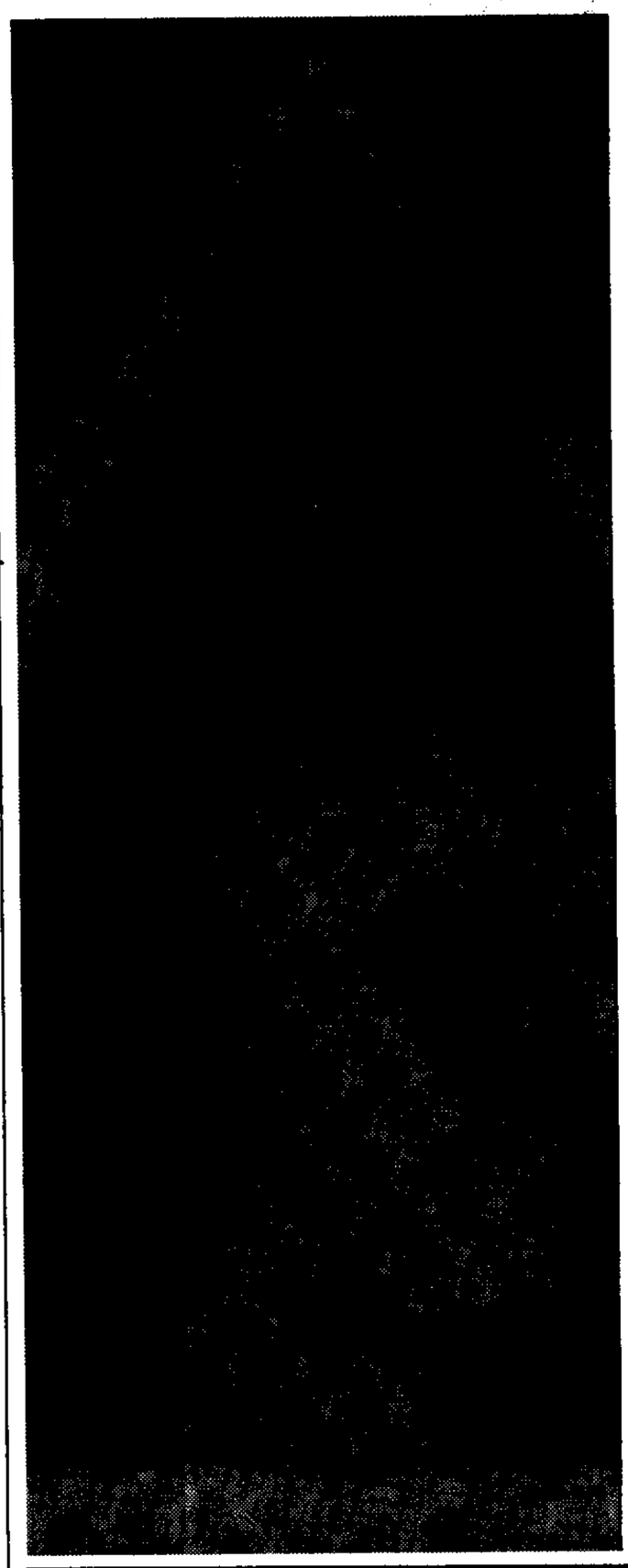

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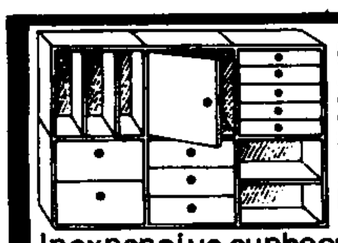

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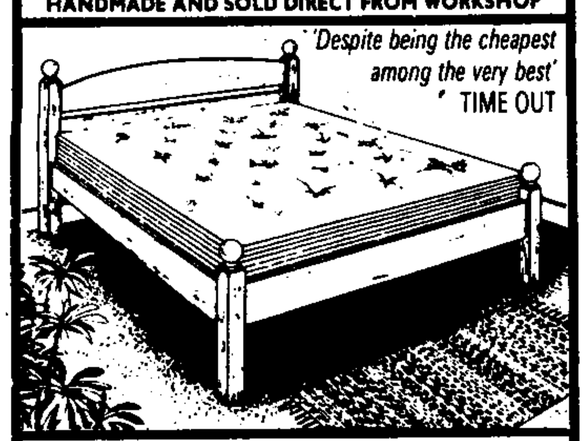

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